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TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES.

A POSSIBILITY OF ELECTRICAL SCIENCE.

By H. J. W. Dam.

I.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE ETHER.—AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. BOSE.

A YEAR has elapsed since Röntgen gave us the new photography. To-day, on the same general lines, we are confronted with something more wonderful, more important, and more revolutionary still—the new telegraphy. Two gentlemen have come to London at the same time from different countries to tell the same story, namely, that telegraphy needs no wires, and that through walls, through houses, through towns, through mountains, and, it may possibly happen, even through the earth, we can send dispatches to any distance with no other apparatus than a sender and a receiver, the communication taking place by means of electric waves in the ether.

The English language uses the word "ether" in two totally different senses. The first is as the name of a colorless liquid, easily vaporized, the vapor of which is used to allay pain. This liquid has nothing whatever to do with the present subject, and should be put entirely out of the mind. The second use of the word is as the name of a substance colorless, unseen, and unknown, we will say—except in a theoretical sense—which is supposed to fill all space. The original conception of this substance is as old as Plato's time. Newton, Descartes, all the beacon lights of science through the ages, have assumed its existence, and all modern physical students accept it. The ether theory of the formation of worlds must be familiar to many. In fact, up to twenty years ago, as the men of to-day who were then in college will remember, the word "ether" was a familiar name, a harmless necessary conception, a great convenience in bridging a tremendous void in science which nobody knew anything about or ever would know anything about, so far as could then be seen.

But the electrical advance in the last twenty years has been most extraordinary. Invention and experiment have daily, if not hourly, thrown open new doors in the electrical wing of the temple of truth. And now, at the close of the nineteenth century, the great mass of new facts concerning light, electricity, inaudible sound, invisible light, and the Lenard and Röntgen rays; the eager inquiry, based upon new discoveries, into the properties of living matter, crystallization, the transference of thought, and the endeavor to establish scientifically the truth of certain great religious concepts—all the special sciences thus represented, marching abreast of one another along the old Roman road of science, which leads no one knows whither, have come upon a great high wall blocking the way completely in all directions. It is an obstacle which must be conquered in whole or in part before science can go any farther. And upon the wall, as upon the wall in the palace of Babylon, is a strange and as yet unintelligible inscription—the mysterious word "ether." What new and great dis-

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coveries lie beyond this wall, no one knows; but more than one high authority believes that these discoveries will startle the twentieth century more greatly than the nineteenth has been startled.

To suggest, in the crudest possible fashion, how ether is at present regarded by scientists, let the reader imagine that the whole universe, to the uttermost stars, is a solid mass of colorless jelly; that in this colorless jelly the stars, solar systems, and space-worlds are embedded, like cherries in a mould of fruit jelly for the table; that this jelly, though it is at present believed to have density and rigidity, is so inconceivably thin that it soaks completely through all the cherries and through everything upon them; that the minute atoms composing the cherries are so large when compared with the thinness of the jelly that each atom is surrounded by the jelly just as the whole cherry is surrounded; that the jelly is continuous, without a point in the whole universe at which there is a single break in its continuity; that, consequently, if we tap the glass containing the jelly on the table a quiver will run through the jelly completely: the cherries will not quiver, but the quiver will run through them, the jelly which has soaked into them carrying the quiver through them as easily as through the spaces between the cherries; that, in short, this jelly or ether is a universal substance so thin that it permeates everything in space and on earth—glass, stone, metal, wood, flesh, water, and so on—and that only by its quivering, only by the waves in it which light rays, electric rays, and Röntgen rays excite, are these rays enabled to travel and produce their various results. Light enables us to see. But all the light which comes to us from any object and enables us to see that object comes by means of waves in the ether. These light waves pass through glass; that is, the wave continues right through the glass in the ether which lies between the particles of glass. From causes yet undefined, the ether carries light rays through certain substances, but will not carry Röntgen rays through those substances. Röntgen rays, on the other hand, are carried through substances which stop light. Electric rays, or electric rays of a low rate of vibration, differ in some respects from both light and Röntgen rays in the substances which they can traverse. Electric rays of high oscillation show other differences still. Other classes of rays or waves which remain to be discovered, and which will also have different properties, will doubtless be found to receive different treatment from the ether, the sum and substance of the whole matter being that the comparatively new research for new rays has now concentrated the whole scientific world's attention on the ether, its different treatment of different rays affording to-day a means of studying it that has never been enjoyed before.

DR. JAGADIS CHUNDER BOSE.

The density of the ether has been calculated from the energy with which the light from the sun strikes the earth. As there are twenty-seven ciphers after the decimal point before the figures begin, its density is of course less than anything we can imagine. From its density its rigidity has been calculated, and is also inconceivably small. Nevertheless, with this small rigidity and density it is held to be an actual substance, and is believed to be incompressible, for the reason that otherwise it would not transmit waves in the way it does. As it is believed to fill all the interplanetary space, many profound and searching experiments have been made to determine whether, as the earth moves in its orbit through space at the rate of nineteen miles per second, it passes through the ether as a ship goes through the water, pressing the ether aside, or whether the ether flows through the earth as water flows through a sieve forced against it. Through the elusive character of the substance none of these experiments have as yet produced any very satisfactory results.

DR. BOSE AND HIS NEW APPARATUS FOR THE STUDY OF ELECTRIC RADIATION.

It has been found, however, that the ether enclosed in solid bodies is much less free in transmitting waves than the ether in the air. Thus glass, alone, transmits light waves at the rate of about three miles per second. The ether in the glass transmits them at a rate 40,000 times greater, or about 120,000 miles per second, while the ether in the air transmits them at the rate of 192,000 miles per second. The reason why the ether in the glass and other solids transmits more slowly than that outside is a mystery at present; but, as said before, this is one of a mass of gathered facts which have now placed science in a position from which it is possible to attack the mystery of the ether.

Electric waves were discovered by an American, Joseph Henry, in Washington, D. C., in the year 1842. He did not use the phrase "electric waves"; but he discovered that when he threw an electric spark an inch long on a wire circuit in a room at the top of his house, electrical action was instantly set up in another wire circuit in his cellar. There was no visible means of communication between the two circuits, and after studying the matter he saw and announced that the electric spark set up some kind of an action in the ether, which passed through two floors and ceilings each fourteen inches thick, and caused induction—set up what is called an induced current—in the wires in the cellar. This fact of induction is now one of the simplest and most commonplace phenomena in the work of electricians. Edison has already used it in telegraphing to a flying train. Hertz, the great German investigator, developed the study of these waves, and announced that they penetrated wood and brick but not metal. Strange to say, however, considering the number of brilliant electricians in the more western countries to-day, and the enormous amount of interest in and experimental investigation of electrical phenomena therein, it has been left to a young Italian, Guglielmo Marconi, to frame the largest conception of what might be done with electric waves and to invent instruments for doing it. Marconi's story will be told with the utmost simplicity and care. But it sounds like a fairy tale, and if it had not for a background four grave and eager committees representing the British Army, the British Navy, the British Post-Office, and the British Lighthouse Service, which are now investigating it, it might well be doubted.

Before introducing Marconi, however, the attention of the reader is called, for several good reasons, to his immediate predecessor in London, Dr. Jagadis Chunder Bose. Dr. Bose is a Hindoo, and is at present the Professor of Physics in the Presidency College, Calcutta. He is a graduate of Cambridge, with the degree of Master of Arts, and has been honored with the degree of Doctor of Science by the University of London, as a recognition of certain inventions regarding electric waves which have won him the highest praise in the Royal Society, the British Association, and elsewhere. It should be said at once that Dr. Bose has no interest in the new telegraphy. Though he has been named as its discoverer, he has done little more in it than was announced by Hertz in 1888. He has done great work in his own field, but it is that kind of detail work which is only understood and appreciated by other investigators, and in the matter of telegraphy his statements are here given largely as a preparation for and corroboration of those of Marconi.

Dr. Bose, as he sits in the drawing-room of his temporary London home in Maida Vale, is a man of medium height, thirty-six years old. His father was a distinguished scholar and mathematician. His manner is modest and very reserved. He dislikes publicity in the extreme. To be interviewed for publication, and to have his delicate, complex, and ultra-technical work described in the non-technical language of a popular magazine is something from which he shrinks visibly. Consequently, though he submits to the ordeal of an interview, he disclaims all responsibility for the statements made in it and the language in which these statements are expressed. If any man of science, therefore, reads this article, it is understood that he is to base no opinion or criticism upon it; but if he is interested in Dr. Bose's work, he is requested to refer to the Journal of the Royal Society for December, 1895, and June, 1896, and the Journal of the British Association meeting of this year. The ethereal waves of courtesy between speaker and writer having vibrated to the conclusion of this happy understanding, Dr. Bose says:

"My special work for the last three years has been the study of electric radiation; more particularly the comparatively slow electric waves, varying between about one-quarter and about one-half an inch in length. My results were represented in the complete apparatus which I had the honor of describing before the British Association, an apparatus for the verification of the laws of reflection, refraction, selective absorption, interference, double refraction, and polarization of these waves. I also contributed a paper to the Royal Society in December, 1895, on the determination of the indices of refraction of various substances for the electric ray, and another in June of this year [1896] on the determination of the wave length of electric radiation by means of a diffraction grating. These have been duly reported and discussed in the scientific journals, and I fear would not be appreciated or understood outside of their circle."

This is too evident a fact to be disputed, and the conversation is turned to the wave-telegraphing in Calcutta.

"That," said Dr. Bose, "was simply an incident in the course of a popular lecture, an illustration of the ability of electric rays to penetrate wood and brick. My radiator was a small platinum ball between two small platinum beads, connected with a two-volt storage battery. By pressing a key the ball was made to spark and start an electric wave which progressed outward through the ether in the air. Popularly speaking, an electric wave in the ether, though it moves in all directions, progresses outward like a wave produced by dropping a stone in a pond. The water wave can be seen. An electric wave is, of course, invisible. Supposing a cork on the surface of the pond at any distance from the place where the stone was dropped, the cork, when the wave reaches it, will bob up and down. Now, though we cannot see the electric wave, we can devise an arrangement which indicates the presence of the wave as the cork does. This mechanical arrangement detects and records the passage of the wave.

"This is the whole idea simply expressed; an electric radiator and a receiver for the waves. My receiver was in a room seventy-five feet distant from the radiator, with three walls of brick and mortar, eighteen inches thick, between them. The electric wave thus induced penetrated the walls and traversed this distance with sufficient energy, when it was converted, to fire a pistol and ring a bell, these being the simplest and best evidences of its reception that I could devise."

"Do you mean to say that the wave, outgoing in all directions, had this effect when a very small part of it reached the receiver?"

"No. A large portion of it was concen-

SIGNOR MARCONI AND HIS EARLIER APPARATUS FOR TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES.

From a photograph taken by Russell & Sons, London, expressly for McClure's Magazine.

trated, as rays of light are concentrated, by a lens placed close to the radiator. This received a large portion of the wave and bent all the rays which fell upon it into parallel lines, thus making a beam proceeding outward in a straight line through the walls to the receiver. I have made and used various concentrating lenses, the best materials being sulphur, ebonite, and pitch."

"Instead of ringing a bell or firing a pistol, could a telegraph message have been sent with it and received through the walls?"

"Certainly; there would be no difficulty about that."

"What is the law describing the intensity or power of the wave at any given distance?"

"Exactly the same as the law of light. Generally speaking, these electric waves act like rays of light."

"Do you mean to say, then, that you could telegraph in this way through houses as far as you could send a beam of light, say with a search-light?"

"I would not like to say it in these terms, but, generally speaking, such is the fact."

"How far could this ether dispatch, so to speak, be sent?"

"Indefinitely. That depends on the exciting energy. At Salisbury Plain, I am told, electric rays were sent with a parabolic reflector a quarter of a mile through the ether in the air, and then reproduced as Morse signals by a relay."

"But in telegraphing through houses—across a block of houses, for instance—supposing the lens and reflector properly aimed at the receiver, what would stop the rays?"

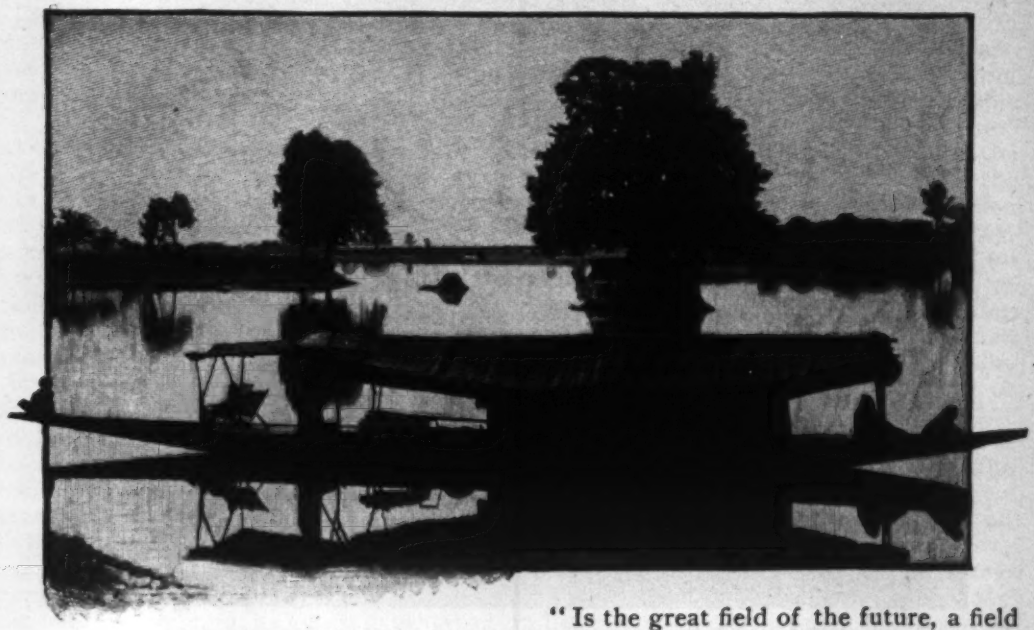
"Metal stops the waves I have been working with. Also water. They will penetrate wood, brick, glass, granite, rock, earth, and retain their properties."

"How far have they been successfully sent?"

"Through the air? I believe a mile. Through three walls? A distance of seventy-five feet, so far as I know."

"What is their relation with the Röntgen rays?"

This brought up the whole question of the differences in rays. Without committing Dr. Bose to exact language it may be said that the rays with which he is working are of comparatively slow vibrations, representing about fifty billion oscillations per second. Those ether vibrations which lie between 200 trillions and 400 trillions of vibrations in a second are heat rays, producing the sensation of warmth. Above 400 trillions and as far as 800 trillions per second the vibrations are light rays, producing the sensation of light. According to their rapidity, these light rays produce a gradation of colors. The lowest num-



DR. BOSE'S HOUSEBOAT.

bers of light vibrations give our eyes the sensation of red, and the scale mounts through the yellows, greens, and blues, to the violets. When the number of vibrations passes 800 trillions per second they become invisible. The human eye is limited in its perceptive power to vibrations between 400 trillions and 800 trillions. Below and above these numbers lie the regions of what are called "invisible light rays." The same is true of the ear. Sound is conducted by air vibrations. When these vibrations are below sixteen per second or above 32,000 per second, they make no impression on our ear drums and our consciousness. These are the so-called regions of "inaudible sound."

"I think the Röntgen rays," said the doctor, "lie above 800 trillions of vibrations per second."

"And what other unknown forces also lie in that upper region?"

"That remains for the future to develop. It is impossible to forecast what new facts the study of the ether is destined to give us. It is a tremendous field, from which we may expect new facts and new forces."

"New forces?"

"That is merely a phrase. Force is a confusing word. Say new forms of energy, enabling us to accomplish results now impossible—results now unthought of and unthinkable."

"Then the ether—"

"Is the great field of the future, a field whose products no one can imagine or attempt to conceive."

"Have you ever considered thought impulses generated by the brain, with reference to their radiation and reception by other brains, over small or great distances?"

"I have."

"What is your opinion with reference to thought transference?"

"I must decline to express it. There is no experimental basis upon which to make a satisfactory statement."

Dr. Bose would say no more for publication. Opinions and convictions as to the unexplored regions of physical phenomena are the luxury of every scientific thinker, but he does not express them except under the seal of confidence. It was a delight, however, to hear this wise man of the East, thinking and speaking the language of exact science, discuss the region of the occult. That Theosophy and Christian Science will shortly hug the ether to their breasts as the undoubted vehicle of their claimed marvels is entirely certain. The present difficulty with regard to thought phenomena is that the human body is not a machine and cannot be used in an exact way to exact ends in experiments. That some one ingenious enough to accomplish this will ultimately appear is highly probable, however, and that the silent influence of brain on brain will in time be measured under mathematical conditions is as reasonable to expect as it would be rash to deny.

II.

THE NEW TELEGRAPHY.—INTERVIEW WITH SIGNOR MARCONI.

Guglielmo Marconi, whose name will doubtless be often heard in the years which lie before us, is a young Anglo-Italian. He was born in Bologna, Italy, and will be twenty-two years old next April. His father is an Italian gentleman of independent means, and his mother is an English lady connected with several well-known English families. He is a tall, slender young man, who looks at least thirty, and has a calm, serious manner and a grave precision of speech, which further give the idea of many more years than are his. He is completely modest, makes no claims whatever as a scientist, and simply says that he has observed certain facts and invented instruments to meet them. Both the facts and the instruments are new, and the attention they are at present exciting is extraordinary.

This attention is largely due to the enterprise and shrewdness of Mr. W. H. Preece, the able chief of the electrical department of the British postal system. Marconi's invention is a year old, but he could obtain no satisfactory recognition of it in his own country. Mr. Preece, however, had for a long time been at work upon the problem of telegraphing through the air where wires were not available. Last year the cable broke between the mainland and the island of Mull. By setting up lines of wire opposite each other on the two coasts, he was enabled to telegraph by induction quite successfully over the water and through the air, the distance being four miles and a half. He sent and received in this way 156 messages, one of them being 120 words in length. Ordinary Morse signals were used, the dispatches being carried by the ether in the air. In a late lecture at Toynbee Hall, Mr. Preece admitted that Marconi's system, which is electro-static, far surpassed his own, which is electro-magnetic. He expressed the fullest faith in Marconi, describing his inventions as new and beautiful, scientifically speaking, and added that he (Mr. Preece) had been instructed by the postal department to spare no expense in testing them to the fullest degree. It will be understood, therefore, that it is due to Mr. Preece that Marconi has received the fullest recognition in England and that engineers from four different departments of the English government are now supervising his work.

Marconi was educated at Leghorn, Florence, and Bologna, and has more recently been following his special study at his home in the last named city. He speaks English perfectly, and said, in his London home, in Westbourne Park: "For ten years past I have been an ardent amateur student of electricity, and for two years or more have been working with electric waves on my father's estate at Bologna. I was using the Hertz waves from an apparatus which you may photograph, a modified form of the apparatus for exciting electric waves as used by Hertz. My work consisted mainly in endeavoring to determine how far these waves would travel in the air for signalling purposes. In September of last year, working a variation of my own of this apparatus, I made a discovery."

"What was the discovery?"

"I was sending waves through the air and getting signals at distances of a mile, or thereabouts, when I discovered that the wave which went to my receiver through the air was also affecting another receiver which I had set up on the other side of the hill. In other words, the waves were going through or over the hill."

"Do you believe that the waves were going through the hill?"

"That is my present belief, but I do not wish to state it as a fact. I am not certain. The waves either went through the hill or over it. It is my belief, based on many later experiments, that they went through."

"And what was the thickness of the hill?"

"Three-quarters of a mile."

"And you could send a dispatch with Morse signals through this hill or over it to some one on the other side?"

"With ease."

"What followed?"

"What followed was the conception and completion of my special invention, the instruments I have been using at Salisbury Plain in the presence of the Royal engineers. I find that while Hertz waves have but a very limited penetrative power, another kind of waves can be excited with the same amount of energy, which waves, I am forced to believe, will penetrate anything and everything."

"What is the difference between these and the Hertz waves?"

"I don't know. I am not a scientist, but I doubt if any scientist can yet tell.

I have a vague idea that the difference lies in the form of the wave. I could tell you a little more clearly if I could give you the details of my transmitter and receiver. These are now being patented, however, and I cannot say anything about them."

"How high an alternation were you using?"

"About 250,000,000 waves per second."

"Do these waves go farther in air than Hertz waves?"

"No. Their range is the same. The difference is in penetration. Hertz waves are stopped by metal and by water. These others appear to penetrate all substances with equal ease. Please remember that the amount of exciting energy is the same. The difference is in the way they are excited. My receiver will not work with the Hertz transmitter, and my transmitter will not work with the Hertz receiver. It is a new apparatus entirely. Of course the waves have an analogy with the Hertz waves and are excited in the same general way. But their power is entirely different. When I am at liberty to lay my apparatus and the phenomena I have observed before the scientists, there may be some explanation, but I have been unable to find any as yet."

"How far have you sent a telegraphic dispatch on the air?"

"A mile and three-quarters. We got results at two miles, but they were not entirely satisfactory. This was at Salisbury Plain, across a shallow valley between low hills."

"What battery were you using?"

"An eight-volt battery of three amperes, four accumulators in a box."

"Did you use a reflector?"

"Yes. It was a roughly-made, copper parabolic reflector with a mistake of an inch in the curve. I shall not use one in future, however. A reflector is of no value."

"Nor a lens?"

"Nor a lens."

"Why not?"

"Because the waves I speak of penetrate everything and are not reflected or refracted."

After Professor Röntgen's distances of a few yards and limitations as to substances this was rather stunning. Marconi, however, was entirely serious and visibly in earnest in his statement.

"How far have you verified this belief?"

"Not very far, but far enough, I think, to justify the statement. Using the same battery and my transmitter and receiver we sent and received the waves, at the General Post-Office building, through seven or eight walls, over a distance of one hundred yards."

"How thick were the walls?"

"I can't say. You know the building, however. It is very solidly constructed."

"And you sent an ordinary telegraphic dispatch by those signals?"

"No. We did not do that, though we could have done so. We were working with agreed signals, and we obtained the taps which we sought and repeated them till there was no room for doubt."

"Do you think that sitting in this room you could send a dispatch across London to the General Post-Office?"

"With instruments of the proper size and power, I have no doubt about it."

"Through all the houses?"

"Yes."

We were in a drawing-room in Talbot Road, Westbourne Park, a distance of about four and one-half miles from the General Post-Office.

"And how far do you think a dispatch could thus be sent?"

"Twenty miles."

"Why do you limit it to twenty miles?"

"I am speaking within practical limits, and thinking of the transmitter and receiver as thus far calculated. The distance depends simply upon the amount of the exciting energy and the dimensions of the two conductors from which the wave proceeds."

"What is the law of the intensity at a given distance?"

"The same as the law of light, inversely as the square of the distance."

This means that whatever the energy with which the waves are sent out, their power at, say twenty feet, when compared with their power at ten feet would be in the proportion of 10×10 to 20×20, or one-fourth, in this special instance.

"Do you think they are waves of invisible light?"

"No; in some respects their action is very different."

"Then you think these waves may possibly be used for electric lighthouses when fog prevents the passage of light?"

"I think they will ultimately be so used. A constant source of electrical waves, instead of a constant source of light waves, and a receiver on the vessel would indicate the presence of the lighthouse and also its direction."

"But would not the fog interfere with the passage of the waves?"

"Not at all."

"Nor metal?"

"Nothing affects them. My experience of these waves leads me to believe that they will go through an ironclad."

"Concerning the size of the apparatus, how large is it?"

"The transmitter and receiver we have been using at Salisbury Plain and at the post-office are each about"—he held up his hands to indicate the dimensions—"say fifteen inches by ten by eight. Small ones, effective enough for ordinary purposes, can be made of half that size."

"What are you working on at present?"

"Mr. Preece and I are working at Penarth, in Wales, to establish regular communication through the air from the shore to a light-ship. This will be the first direction in which my apparatus is utilized—communication with the light-ships. The light-ships lie off this coast at any distance from half a mile to twenty miles or more."

"What length of waves have you used?"

"I have tried various lengths, from thirty meters down to ten inches."

"Why would not these waves be useful in preventing the collision of ships in a fog?"

"I think they will be made use of for that purpose. Ships can be fitted with the apparatus to indicate the presence of another ship so fitted, within any desired distance. As soon as two approach within that distance the alarms will ring on each ship, and the direction of each to the other will be indicated by an index."

"Do you limit the distance over which these waves can be sent?"

"I have no reason to do so. The peculiarity of electric waves, which was noted, I believe, by Hertz, is the distance they travel when excited by only a small amount of energy."

"Then why could you not send a dispatch from here to New York, for instance?"

"I do not say that it could not be done. Please remember, however, that it is a new field, and the discussion of possibilities which may fairly be called probabilities omits obstacles and difficulties which may develop in practical working. I do not wish to be recorded as saying that anything can actually be done beyond what I have already been able to do. With regard to future developments I am only saying what may ultimately happen; what, so far as I can now see, does not present any visible impossibilities."

"How large a station would be necessary, assuming the practicability, to send a message from here to New York?"

"A station the size of this room in square area. I don't say how high." The room was twenty feet square.

"What power?"

"Fifty or sixty horse-power would, I think, suffice."

"What would be the cost of the two stations completed?"

"Under £10,000, I think."

"Would the waves go through the ether in the air or through the earth?"

"I cannot say with certainty. I only believe they would go that distance and be recorded."

"You say that no lens or reflector is of value. Then the waves would go outward in all directions to all places at the same distance as New York?"

"Yes."

"Do you think that no means will ever be found to stop this progress in all directions and concentrate it in one direction?"

"On the contrary, I think that invention will give us that."

"Do you see any way of accomplishing this?"

"No, not as yet."

"In what other directions do you expect your invention to be first utilized?"

"The first may be for military purposes, in place of the present field telegraph system. There is no reason why the commander of an army should not be able to easily communicate telegraphically with his subordinate officers without wires over any distances up to twenty miles. If my countrymen had had my instruments at Massowah, the reinforcements could easily have been summoned in time."

"Would the apparatus be bulky?"

"Not at all. A small sender and receiver would suffice."

"Then why would it not be equally useful for the admiral of a fleet in communicating with his various ships?"

"It would," said Marconi, with some hesitation.

"Is there any difficulty about that?"

"Yes," said he, very frankly, but in a way which set the writer to wondering. "I do not know that it is a difficulty yet, but it appears to be."

The writer pondered the matter for a moment. Then he asked: "Do you remember Hertz's experiment of exploding gunpowder by electric waves?"

"Yes."

"Could you not do the same from this room with a box of gunpowder placed across the street in that house yonder?"

"Yes. If I could put two wires or two plates in the powder, I could set up an induced current which would cause a spark and explode it."

"Then if you threw electric waves upon an ironclad, and there happened to be two nails or wires or plates in the powder magazine which were in a position to set up induction, you could explode the magazine and destroy the ship?"

"Yes."

"And the electric lighthouses we are speaking of might possibly explode the magazines of ironclads as far as light from a lighthouse could be seen?"

"That is certainly a possibility. It would depend on the amount of the exciting energy."

"And the difficulty about using your instruments for fleet purposes—"

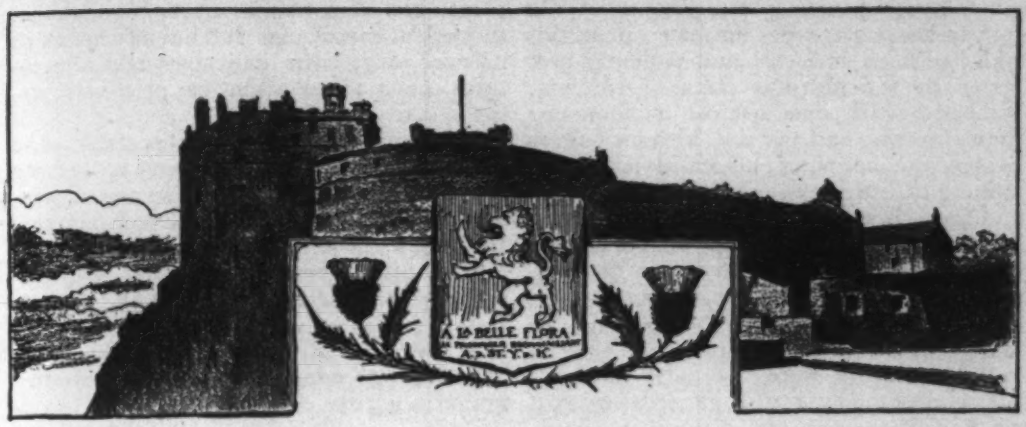
"The fear has been expressed that in using the instruments on an ironclad the waves might explode the magazine of the ship itself."

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that this statement was simply astounding. It is so much of a possibility that electric rays can explode the magazine of an ironclad, that the fact has already been recognized by the English Royal engineers. Of all the coast defences ever dreamed of, the idea of exploding ironclads by electric waves from the shore over distances equal to modern cannon ranges is certainly the most terrible possibility yet conceived.

Such are the astonishing statements and views of Marconi. What their effect will be remains to be seen. In the United States alone, considering the many able experimenters and their admirable and original equipments, like Tesla's dynamos, the imagination abandons as a hopeless task the attempt to conceive what—in the use of electric waves—the immediate future holds in store. The air is full of promises, of miracles. The certainty is that strange things are coming, and coming soon.

Because, underlying the possibilities of the known electric waves and of new kinds of electric waves, which seem to be numerous and various—underlying these is still the mystery of the ether. Here is a field which offers to those college students of to-day who have already felt the fascination of scientific research, a life work of magical and magnificent possibilities, a virgin, unexplored diamond field of limitless wealth in knowledge. Science knows so little, and seems, in one sense, to have been at a standstill for so long. Lord Kelvin said sadly, in an address at Glasgow the other day, that though he had studied hard through fifty years of experimental investigation, he could not help feeling that he really knew no more as he spoke than he knew fifty years before.

Now, however, it really seems that some Columbus will soon give us a new continent in science. The ether seems to promise fairly and clearly a great and new epoch in knowledge, a great and marked step forward, a new light on all the great problems which are mysteries at present, with perhaps a correction and revision of many accepted results. This is particularly true of the mystery of living matter and that something which looks so much like consciousness in certain non-living matter, the property which causes and enables it to take the form of regular crystals. Crystallization is as great a problem as life itself, but from its less number of conditions will perhaps be easier and earlier attacked. The best conception of living matter which we have at present, completely inadequate though it be, is that of the most chemically complex and most unstable matter known. A living man as compared to a wooden man responds to all kinds of impulses. Light strikes the living eye, sound strikes the living ear, physical and chemical action are instantly and automatically started, chemical decomposition takes place, energy is dissipated, consciousness occurs, volition follows, action results, and so on, through the infinity of cause and infinity of results which characterize life. The wooden man is inert. There is no chemical or physical action excited by any impulse from without or within. Living matter is responsive, non-living is not. The key to the mystery, if it ever comes, will come from the ether. One great authority of to-day, Professor Oliver Lodge, has already stated his belief that electricity is actually matter, and that if the ether and electricity are not one and the same, the truth will ultimately be found to be near that statement. If this be true, it will be a great and startling key to the now fathomless mystery of life.



ST. IVES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

By Robert Louis Stevenson,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

CHAPTER I.

A TALE OF A LION RAMPANT.

IT was in the month of May, 1813, that I was so unlucky as to fall at last into the hands of the enemy. My knowledge of the English language had marked me out for a certain employment. Though I cannot conceive a soldier refusing to incur the risk, yet to be hanged for a spy is a disgusting business; and I was relieved to be held a prisoner of war. Into the Castle of Edinburgh, standing in the midst of that city on the summit of an extraordinary rock, I was cast with several hundred fellow-sufferers, all privates like myself, and the more part of them, by an accident, very ignorant, plain fellows. My English, which had brought me into that scrape, now helped me very materially to bear it. I had a thousand advantages. I was often called to play the part of an interpreter, whether of orders or complaints, and thus brought in relations, sometimes of mirth, sometimes almost of friendship, with the officers in charge. A young lieutenant singled me out to be his adversary at chess, a game in which I was extremely proficient, and would reward me for my gambits with excellent cigars. The major of the battalion took lessons of French from me while at breakfast, and was sometimes so obliging as to have me join him at the meal. Chevenix was his name. He was stiff as a drum-major and selfish as an Englishman, but a fairly conscientious pupil and a fairly upright man. Little did I suppose that his ramrod body and frozen face would, in the end, step in between me and all my dearest wishes; that upon this precise, regular, icy soldier-man my fortunes should so nearly shipwreck! I never liked, but yet I trusted him; and though it may seem but a trifle, I found his snuff-box with the bean in it come very welcome.

For it is strange how grown men and seasoned soldiers can go back in life. So that after but a little while in prison, which is after all the next thing to being in the nursery, they grow absorbed in the most pitiful, childish interests, and a sugar biscuit or a pinch of snuff become things to follow after and scheme for!

We made but a poor show of prisoners. The officers had been all offered their parole, and had taken it. They lived mostly in suburbs of the city, lodging with modest families, and enjoyed their freedom and supported the almost continual evil tidings of the Emperor as best they might. It chanced I was the only gentleman among the privates who remained. A great part were ignorant Italians, of a regiment that had suffered heavily in Catalo-

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nia. The rest were mere diggers of the soil, treaders of grapes or hewers of wood, who had been suddenly and violently preferred to the glorious state of soldiers. We had but the one interest in common: each of us who had any skill with his fingers passed the hours of his captivity in the making of little toys and *articles of Paris;* and the prison was daily visited at certain hours by a concourse of people of the country, come to exult over our distress, or—it is more tolerant to suppose—their own vicarious triumph. Some moved among us with a decency of shame or sympathy. Others were the most offensive personages in the world, gaped at us as if we had been baboons, sought to evangelize us to their rustic, northern religion as though we had been savages, or tortured us with intelligence of disasters to the arms of France. Good, bad, and indifferent, there was one alleviation to the annoyance of these visitors; for it was the practice of almost all to purchase some specimen of our rude handiwork. This led, amongst the prisoners, to a strong spirit of competition. Some were neat of hand, and (the genius of the French being always distinguished) could place upon sale little miracles of dexterity and taste. Some had a more engaging appearance; fine features were found to do as well as fine merchandise, and an air of youth in particular (as it appealed to the sentiment of pity in our visitors) to be a source of profit. Others again enjoyed some acquaintance with the language, and were able to recommend the more agreeably to purchasers such trifles as they had to sell. To the first of these advantages I could lay no claim, for my fingers were all thumbs. Some at least of the others I possessed; and finding much entertainment in our commerce, I did not suffer my advantages to rust. I have never despised the social arts, in which it is a national boast that every Frenchman should excel. For the approach of particular sorts of visitors, I had a particular manner of address and even of appearance, which I could readily assume and change on the occasion rising. I never lost an opportunity to flatter either the person of my visitor, if it should be a lady, or, if it should be a man, the greatness of his country in war. And in case my compliments should miss their aim, I was always ready to cover my retreat with some agreeable pleasantry, which would often earn me the name of an "oddity" or a "droll fellow." In this way, although I was so left-handed a toy-maker, I made out to be rather a successful merchant; and found means to procure many little delicacies and alleviations, such as children or prisoners desire.

I am scarce drawing the portrait of a very melancholy man. It is not indeed my character; and I had, in a comparison with my comrades, many reasons for content. In the first place, I had no family; I was an orphan and a bachelor; neither wife nor child awaited me in France. In the second, I had never wholly forgot the emotions with which I first found myself a prisoner; and although a military prison be not altogether a garden of delights, it is still preferable to a gallows. In the third, I am almost ashamed to say it, but I found certain pleasure in our place of residence: being an obsolete and really mediæval fortress, high placed and commanding extraordinary prospects not only over sea, mountain, and champaign, but actually over the thoroughfares of a capital city, which we could see blackened by day with the moving crowd of the inhabitants, and at night shining with lamps. And lastly, although I was not insensible to the restraints of prison or the scantiness of our rations, I remember I had sometimes eaten quite as ill in Spain, and had to mount guard and march perhaps a dozen leagues into the bargain. The first of my troubles, indeed, was the costume we were obliged to wear. There is a horrible practice in England to trick out in ridiculous uniforms, and as it were to brand in mass, not only convicts but military prisoners and even the children in charity schools. I think some malignant genius had found his masterpiece of irony in the dress which we were condemned to wear: jacket, waistcoat, and trousers of a sulphur or mustard yellow, and a shirt of blue and white striped cotton. It was conspicuous, it was cheap, it pointed us out to laughter —we, who were old soldiers, used to arms, and some of us showing noble scars—like a set of lugubrious zanies at a fair.

The old name of that rock on which our prison stood was (I have heard since then) the "Painted Hill." Well, now it was all painted a bright yellow with our costumes; and the dress of the soldiers who guarded us being, of course, the essential British red rag, we made up together the elements of a lively picture of hell. I have again and again looked round upon my fellow-prisoners, and felt my anger rise, and choked upon tears, to behold them thus parodied. The more part, as I have said,

were peasants, somewhat bettered perhaps by the drill-sergeant, but for all that ungainly, loutish fellows, with no more than a mere barrack-room smartness of address: indeed, you could have seen our army nowhere more discreditably represented than in this Castle of Edinburgh. And I used to see myself in fancy, and blush. It seemed that my more elegant carriage would but point the insult of the travesty. And I remembered the days when I wore the coarse but honorable coat of a soldier; and remembered farther back how many of the noble, the fair, and the gracious had taken a delight to tend my childhood. . . . But I must not recall these tender and sorrowful memories twice; their place is farther on, and I am now upon another business. The perfidy of the Britannic government stood nowhere more openly confessed than in one particular of our discipline: that we were shaved twice in the week. To a man who has loved all his life to be fresh shaven, can a more irritating indignity be devised? Monday and Thursday were the days. Take the Thursday, and conceive the picture I must present by Sunday evening! And Saturday, which was almost as bad, was the great day for visitors.

Those who came to our market were of all qualities, men and women, the lean and the stout, the plain and the fairly pretty. Sure, if people at all understood the power of beauty, there would be no prayers addressed except to Venus; and the mere privilege of beholding a comely woman is worth paying for. Our visitors, upon the whole, were not much to boast of; and yet, sitting in a corner and very much ashamed of myself and my absurd appearance, I have again and again tasted the finest, the rarest, and most ethereal pleasures in a glance of an eye that I should never see again—and never wanted to. The flower of the hedgerow and the star in heaven satisfy and delight us: how much more the look of that exquisite being who was created to bear and rear, to madden and rejoice, mankind!

There was one young lady in particular, about eighteen or nineteen, tall, of a gallant carriage, and with a profusion of hair in which the sun found threads of gold. As soon as she came in the courtyard (and she was a rather frequent visitor) it seemed I was aware of it. She had an air of angelic candor, yet of a high spirit; she stepped like a Diana, every movement was noble and free. One day there was a strong east wind; the banner was straining at the flagstaff; below us the smoke of the city chimneys blew hither and thither in a thousand crazy variations; and away out on the Forth we could see the ships lying down to it and scudding. I was thinking what a vile day it was, when she appeared. Her hair blew in the wind with changes of color; her garments moulded her with the accuracy of sculpture; the ends of her shawl fluttered about her ear and were caught in again with an inimitable deftness. You have seen a pool on a gusty day, how it suddenly sparkles and flashes like a thing alive? So this lady's face had become animated and colored; and as I saw her standing, somewhat inclined, her lips parted, a divine trouble in her eyes, I could have clapped my hands in applause, and was ready to acclaim her a genuine daughter of the winds. What put it in my head, I know not; perhaps because it was a Thursday and I was new from the razor; but I determined to engage her attention no later than that day. She was approaching that part of the court in which I sat with my merchandise, when I observed her handkerchief to escape from her hands and fall to the ground; the next moment, the wind had taken it up and carried it within my reach. I was on foot at once: I had forgot my mustard-colored clothes, I had forgot the private soldier and his salute. Bowing deeply, I offered her the slip of cambric.

"Madam," said I, "your handkerchief. The wind brought it me."

I met her eyes fully.

"I thank you, sir," said she.

"The wind brought it me," I repeated. "May I not take it for an omen? You have an English proverb, 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.'"

"Well," she said, with a smile, "'One good turn deserves another.' I will see what you have."

She followed me to where my wares were spread out under lee of a piece of cannon.

"Alas, mademoiselle!" said I, "I am no very perfect craftsman. This is supposed to be a house, and you see the chimneys are awry. You may call this a box if you are very indulgent; but see where my tool slipped! Yes, I am afraid you may go from one to another, and find a flaw in everything. 'Failures for Sale' should be on my signboard. I do not keep a shop; I keep a Humorous Museum." I cast a smiling glance about my display and then at her, and instantly became grave. "Strange, is it not," I added,

"that a grown man and a soldier should be engaged upon such trash, and a sad heart produce anything so funny to look at?"

An unpleasant voice summoned her at this moment by the name of Flora, and she made a hasty purchase and rejoined her party.

A few days after she came again. But I must first tell you how she came to be so frequent. Her aunt was one of those terrible British old maids, of which the world has heard much; and having nothing whatever to do and a word or two of French, she had taken what she called an "interest in the French prisoners." A big, bustling, bold old lady, she flounced about our market-place with insufferable airs of patronage and condescension. She bought indeed with liberality, but her manner of studying us through a quizzing-glass, and playing cicerone to her followers, acquitted us of any gratitude. She had a tail behind her of heavy obsequious old gentlemen or dull, giggling misses, to whom she appeared to be an oracle. "This one can really carve prettily: is he not a quiz with his big whiskers?" she would say. "And this one," indicating myself with her gold eyeglass, "is, I assure you, quite an oddity." The oddity, you may be certain, ground his teeth. She had a way of standing in our midst, nodding around, and addressing us in what she imagined to be French: "*Bienne, hommes! ça va bienne?*" I took the freedom to reply in the same lingo: "*Bienne, femme! ça va couci-couci tout d'même, la bourgeoise!*" And at that, when we had all laughed with a little more heartiness than was entirely civil, "I told you he was quite an oddity!" says she in triumph. Needless to say, these passages were before I had remarked the niece.

The aunt came on the day in question with a following rather more than usually large, which she manœuvred to and fro about the market, and lectured to at rather more than usual length and with rather less than her accustomed tact. I kept my eyes down, but they were ever fixed in the same direction, quite in vain. The aunt came and went, and pulled us out, and showed us off, like caged monkeys; but the niece kept herself on the outskirts of the crowd and on the opposite side of the courtyard, and departed at last as she had come, without a sign. Closely as I had watched her, I could not say her eyes had ever rested on me for an instant; and my heart was overwhelmed with bitterness and blackness. I tore out her detested image; I felt I was done with her for ever; I laughed at myself savagely, because I had thought to please; when I lay down at night, sleep forsook me, and I lay and rolled, and gloated on her charms, and cursed her insensibility, for half the night. How trivial I thought her! and how trivial her sex! A man might be an angel or an Apollo, and a mustard-colored coat would wholly blind them to his merits. I was a prisoner, a slave, a contemned and despicable being, the butt of her sniggering countrymen. I would take the lesson; no proud daughter of my foes should have the chance to mock at me again; none in the future should have the chance to think I had looked at her with admiration. You cannot imagine any one of a more resolute and independent spirit, or whose bosom was more wholly mailed with patriotic arrogance, than I. Before I dropped asleep, I had remembered all the infamies of Britain and debited them in an overwhelming column to Flora.

The next day, as I sat in my place, I became conscious there was some one standing near; and behold, it was herself! I kept my seat, at first in the confusion of my mind, later on from policy; and she stood and leaned a little over me, as in pity. She was very still and timid; her voice was low. Did I suffer in my captivity? she asked me. Had I to complain of any hardship?

"Mademoiselle, I have not learned to complain," said I. "I am a soldier of Napoleon."

She sighed. "At least you must regret *La France*," said she, and colored a little as she pronounced the words, which she did with pretty strangeness of accent.

"What am I to say?" I replied. "If you were carried from this country, for which you seem so wholly suited, where the very rains and winds seem to become you like ornaments, would you regret, do you think? We must surely all regret! the son to his mother, the man to his country; these are native feelings."

"You have a mother?" she asked.

"In heaven, mademoiselle," I answered. "She, and my father also, went by the same road to heaven as so many others of the fair and brave: they followed their queen upon the scaffold. So, you see, I am not so much to be pitied in my prison," I continued; "there are none to wait for me; I am alone in the world. 'Tis a different case, for instance, with yon poor fellow in the cloth cap. His bed is

next to mine, and in the night I hear him sobbing to himself. He has a tender character, full of tender and pretty sentiments; and in the dark at night, and sometimes by day when he can get me apart with him, he laments a mother and a sweetheart. Do you know what made him take me for a confidant?"

She parted her lips with a look, but did not speak. The look burned all through me with a sudden vital heat.

"Because I had once seen, in marching by, the belfry of his village!" I continued. "The circumstance is quaint enough. It seems to bind up into one the whole bundle of those human instincts that make life beautiful, and people and places dear—and from which it would seem I am cut off!"

I rested my chin on my knee and looked before me on the ground. I had been talking until then to hold her; but I was now not sorry she should go: an impression is a thing so delicate to produce and so easy to overthrow! Presently she seemed to make an effort.

"I will take this toy," she said, laid a five-and-sixpenny piece in my hand, and was gone ere I could thank her.

I retired to a place apart, near the ramparts and behind a gun. The beauty, the expression of her eyes, the tear that had trembled there, the compassion in her voice, and a kind of wild elegance that consecrated the freedom of her movements, all combined to enslave my imagination and inflame my heart. What had she said? Nothing to signify; but her eyes had met mine, and the fire they had kindled burned inextinguishably in my veins. I loved her; and I did not fear to hope. Twice I had spoken with her; and in both interviews I had been well inspired, I had engaged her sympathies, I had found words that she must remember, that would ring in her ears at night upon her bed. What mattered if I were half shaved and my clothes a caricature? I was still a man, and, as I trembled to realize, she was still a woman. Many waters cannot quench love; and love, which is the law of the world, was on my side. I closed my eyes, and she sprung up on the background of the darkness, more beautiful than in life. "Ah!" thought I, "and you too, my dear, you too must carry away with you a picture, that you are still to behold again and still to embellish. In the darkness of night, in the streets by day, still you are to have my voice and face, whispering, making love for me, encroaching on your shy heart. Shy as your heart is, *it* is lodged there—*I* am lodged there; let the hours do their office—let time continue to draw me ever in more lively, ever in more insidious colors." And then I had a vision of myself, and burst out laughing.

A likely thing, indeed, that a beggar man, a private soldier, a prisoner in a yellow travesty, was to awake the interest of this fair girl! I would not despair; but I saw the game must be played fine and close. It must be my policy to hold myself before her, always in a pathetic or pleasing attitude; never to alarm or startle her; to keep my own secret locked in my bosom like a story of disgrace, and let hers (if she could be induced to have one) grow at its own rate; to move just so fast, and not by a hair's breadth any faster, than the inclination of her heart. I was the man, and yet I was passive, tied by the foot in prison. I could not go to her; I must cast a spell upon her at each visit, so that she should return to me; and this was a matter of nice management. I had done it the last time—it seemed impossible she should not come again after our interview; and for the next I had speedily ripened a fresh plan. A prisoner, if he has one great disability for a lover, has yet one considerable advantage: there is nothing to distract him, and he can spend all his hours ripening his love and preparing its manifestations. I had been then some days upon a piece of carving, no less than the emblem of Scotland, the Lion Rampart. This I proceeded to finish with what skill I was possessed of; and when at last I could do no more to it (and, you may be sure, was already regretting I had done so much), added on the base the following dedication:

À LA BELLE FLORA

LE PRISONNIER RECONNAISSANT

A. D. ST. Y. D. K.

I put my heart into the carving of these letters. What was done with so much ardor, it seemed scarce possible that any should behold it with indifference; and the initials would at least suggest to her my noble birth. I thought it better to suggest; I felt that mystery was my stock-in-trade; the contrast between my rank and manners, between my speech and my clothing, and the fact that she could only think of me by a combination

of letters, must all tend to increase her interest and engage her heart.

This done, there was nothing left for me but to wait and to hope. And there is nothing farther from my character: in love and in war, I am all for the forward movement; and these days of waiting made my purgatory. It is a fact that I loved her a great deal better at the end of them, for love comes, like bread, from a perpetual rehandling. And besides, I was fallen into a panic of fear. How, if she came no more, how was I to continue to endure my empty days? How was I to fall back and find my interest in the major's lessons, the lieutenant's chess, in a twopenny sale in the market, or a halfpenny addition to the prison fare?

Days went by, and weeks; I had not the courage to calculate, and to-day I have not the courage to remember; but at last she was there. At last I saw her approach me in the company of a boy about her own age, and whom I divined at once to be her brother.

I rose and bowed in silence.

"This is my brother, Mr. Ronald Gilchrist," said she. "I have told him of your sufferings. He is so sorry for you!"

"It is more than I have a right to ask," I replied; "but among gentlefolk these generous sentiments are natural. If your brother and I were to meet in the field, we should meet like tigers; but when he sees me here disarmed and helpless, he forgets his animosity." (At which, as I had ventured to expect, this beardless champion colored to the ears for pleasure.) "Ah, my dear young lady," I continued, "there are many of your countrymen languishing in my country, even as I do here. I can but hope there is found some French lady to convey to each of them the priceless consolation of her sympathy. You have given me alms; and more than alms—hope; and while you were absent I was not forgetful. Suffer me to be able to tell myself that I have at least tried to make a return; and for the prisoner's sake deign to accept this trifle."

So saying, I offered her my lion, which she took, looked at in some embarrassment, and then, catching sight of the dedication, broke out with a cry.

"Why, how did you know my name?" she exclaimed.

"When names are so appropriate, they should be easily guessed," said I, bowing. "But indeed there was no magic in the matter. A lady called you by name on the day I found your handkerchief, and I was quick to remark and cherish it."

"It is very, very beautiful," said she, "and I shall be always proud of the inscription. Come, Ronald, we must be going." She bowed to me as lady bows to her equal, and passed on (I could have sworn) with a heightened color.

I was overjoyed; my innocent ruse had succeeded; she had taken my gift without a hint of payment, and she would scarce sleep in peace till she had made it up to me. No greenhorn in matters of the heart, I was besides aware that I had now a resident ambassador at the court of my lady. The lion might be ill chiselled; it was mine. My hands had made and held it; my knife—or, to speak more by the mark, my rusty nail—had traced those letters; and simple as the words were, they would keep repeating to her that I was grateful and that I found her fair. The boy had looked like a gawky and blushed at a compliment; I could see besides that he regarded me with considerable suspicion; yet he made so manly a figure of a lad, that I could not withhold from him my sympathy. And as for the impulse that had made her bring and introduce him, I could not sufficiently admire it. It seemed to me finer than wit and more tender than a caress. It said (plain as language), "I do not, and I cannot, know you. Here is my brother—you can know him; this is the way to me—follow it."

CHAPTER II.

A TALE OF A PAIR OF SCISSORS.

I WAS still plunged in these thoughts when the bell was rung that discharged our visitors into the street. Our little market was no sooner closed than we were summoned to the distribution and received our rations, which we were then allowed to eat according to fancy in any part of our quarters.

I have said the conduct of some of our visitors was unbearably offensive; it was possibly more so than they dreamed—as the sight-seers at a menagerie may offend in a thousand ways, and quite without meaning it, the noble and unfortunate animals behind the bars; and there is no doubt but some of my compatriots were susceptible beyond reason. Some of these old whiskerandos, originally peasants, trained since boyhood in victorious armies, and accustomed to move among subject and

trembling populations, could ill brook their change of circumstance. There was one man of the name of Goguelat, a brute of the first water, who had enjoyed no touch of civilization beyond the military discipline, and had risen by an extreme heroism of bravery to a grade for which he was otherwise unfitted, that of *maréchal des logis* in the twenty-second of the line. In so far as a brute can be a good soldier, he was a good soldier; the cross was on his breast, and gallantly earned; but in all things outside his line of duty, the man was no other than a brawling, bruising, ignorant pillar of low pothouses. As a gentleman by birth and a scholar by taste and education, I was the type of all that he least understood and most detested; and the mere view of our visitors would leave him daily in a transport of annoyance, which he would make haste to wreak on the nearest victim, and too often on myself.

It was so now. Our rations were scarce served out, and I had just withdrawn into a corner of the yard, when I perceived him drawing near. He wore an air of hateful mirth; a set of young fools, among whom he passed for a wit, followed him with looks of expectation; and I saw I was about to be the object of some of his insufferable pleasantries. He took a place beside me, spread out his rations, drank to me derisively from his measure of prison beer, and began. What he said it would be impossible to print; but his admirers, who believed their wit to have surpassed himself, actually rolled among the gravel. For my part, I thought at first I should have died. I had not dreamed the wretch was so observant; but hate sharpens the ears, and he had counted our interviews and actually knew Flora by her name. Gradually my coolness returned to me, accompanied by a volume of living anger that surprised myself.

"Are you nearly done?" I asked. "Because if you are, I am about to say a word or two myself."

"Oh, fair play!" said he. "Turn about! The Marquis of Carabas to the tribune."

"Very well," said I. "I have to inform you that I am a gentleman. You do not know what that means, hey? Well, I will tell you. It is a comical sort of animal; springs from another strange set of creatures they call ancestors; and in common with toads and other vermin, has a thing that he calls feelings. The lion is a gentleman; he will not touch carrion. I am a gentleman, and I cannot bear to soil my fingers with such a lump of dirt. Sit still, Philippe Goguelat! sit still and do not say a word, or I shall know you are a coward; the eyes of our guards are upon us. Here is your health!" said I, and pledged him in the prison beer. "You have chosen to speak in a certain way of a young child," I continued, "who might be your daughter, and who was giving alms to me and some others of us mendicants. If the Emperor"—saluting—"if my Emperor could hear you, he would pluck off the cross from your gross body. I cannot do that; I cannot take away what his Majesty has given; but one thing I promise you—I promise you, Goguelat, you shall be dead to-night."

I had borne so much from him in the past, I believe he thought there was no end to my forbearance, and he was at first amazed. But I have the pleasure to think that some of my expressions had pierced through his thick hide; and besides the brute was truly a hero of valor, and loved fighting for itself. Whatever the cause, at least he had soon pulled himself together, and took the thing (to do him justice) handsomely.

"And I promise you, by the devil's horns, that you shall have the chance!" said he, and pledged me again; and again I did him scrupulous honor.

The news of this defiance spread from prisoner to prisoner with the speed of wings; every face was seen to be illuminated like those of the spectators at a horse race; and indeed you must first have tasted the active life of a soldier, and then mouldered for a while in the tedium of a jail, in order to understand, perhaps even to excuse, the delight of our companions. Goguelat and I slept in the same squad, which greatly simplified the business; and a committee of honor was accordingly formed of our shed-mates. They chose for president a sergeant-major in the Fourth Dragoons, a graybeard of the army, an excellent military subject, and a good man. He took the most serious view of his functions, visited us both, and reported our replies to the committee. Mine was of a decent firmness. I told him the young lady of whom Goguelat had spoken had on several occasions given me alms. I reminded him that, if we were now reduced to hold out our hands and sell pill-boxes for charity, it was something very new for soldiers of the Empire. We had all seen bandits standing at a corner of a wood truckling for copper halfpence, and

after their benefactors were gone by spitting out injuries and curses. "But," said I, "I trust that none of us will fall so low. As a Frenchman and a soldier, I owe that young child gratitude, and am bound to protect her character, and to support that of the army. You are my elder and my superior; tell me if I am not right."

He was a quiet-mannered old fellow, and patted me with three fingers on the back. "*C'est bien, mon enfant,*" says he, and returned to his committee.

Goguelat was no more accommodating than myself. "I do not like apologies nor those that make them," was his only answer. And there remained nothing but to arrange the details of the meeting. So far as regards place and time, we had no choice; we must settle the dispute at night, in the dark, after a round had passed by, and in the open middle of the shed under which we slept. The question of arms was more obscure. We had a good many tools, indeed, which we employed in the manufacture of our toys; but they were none of them suited for a single combat between civilized men; and, being nondescript, it was found extremely hard to equalize the chances of the combatants. At length a pair of scissors was unscrewed; and a couple of tough wands being found in a corner of the courtyard, one blade of the scissors was lashed solidly to each with resined twine—the twine coming I know not whence, but the resin from the green pillars of the shed, which still sweated from the axe. It was a strange thing to feel in one's hand this weapon, which was no heavier than a riding-rod, and which it was difficult to suppose would prove more dangerous. A general oath was administered and taken that no one should interfere in the duel nor (suppose it to result seriously) betray the name of the survivor. And with that, all being then ready, we composed ourselves to await the moment.

The evening fell cloudy; not a star was to be seen when the first round of the night passed through our shed and wound off along the ramparts; and as we took our places, we could still hear, over the murmurs of the surrounding city, the sentries challenging its further passage. Leclos, the sergeant-major, set us in our stations, engaged our wands, and left us. To avoid blood-stained clothing, my adversary and I had stripped to the shoes; and the chill of the night enveloped our bodies like a wet sheet. The man was better at fencing than myself; he was vastly taller than I, being of a stature almost gigantic, and proportionately strong. In the inky blackness of the shed, it was impossible to see his eyes; and from the suppleness of the wands, I did not like to trust to a parade. I made up my mind, accordingly, to profit, if I might, by my defect; and as soon as the signal should be given, to throw myself down and lunge at the same moment. It was to play my life upon one card: should I not mortally wound him, no defence would be left me. What was yet more appalling, I thus ran the risk of bringing my own face against his scissor with the double force of our assaults, and my face and eyes are not that part of me that I would the most readily expose.

"*Allez!*" said the sergeant-major.

Both lunged in the same moment with an equal fury, and but for my manœuvre both had certainly been spitted. As it was, he did no more than strike my shoulder, while my scissor plunged below the girdle into a mortal part; and that great bulk of a man, falling from his whole height, knocked me immediately senseless.

When I came to myself, I was laid in my own sleeping-place, and could make out in the darkness the outline of perhaps a dozen heads crowded around me. I sat up. "What is it?" I exclaimed.

"Hush!" said the sergeant-major. "Blessed be God, all is well." I felt him clasp my hand, and there were tears in his voice. "'Tis but a scratch, my child; here is papa, who is taking good care of you. Your shoulder is bound up; we have dressed you in your clothes again, and it will all be well."

At this I began to remember. "And Goguelat?" I gasped.

"He cannot bear to be moved; he has his bellyful; 'tis a bad business," said the sergeant-major.

The idea of having killed a man with such an instrument as half a pair of scissors seemed to turn my stomach. I am sure I might have killed a dozen with a firelock, a sabre, a bayonet, or any accepted weapon, and been visited by no such sickness of remorse. And to this feeling every unusual circumstance of our encounter, the darkness in which we had fought, our nakedness, even the resin on the twine, appeared to contribute. I ran to my fallen adversary, kneeled by him, and could only sob his name.

He bade me compose myself. "You have given me the key of the fields, comrade," said he. "*Sans rancune!*"

At this my horror redoubled. Here had we two expatriated Frenchmen engaged in an ill-regulated combat like the battles of beasts. Here was he, who had been all his life so great a ruffian, dying in a foreign land of this ignoble injury and meeting death with something of the spirit of a Bayard. I insisted that the guards should be summoned and a doctor brought.

"It may still be possible to save him," I cried.

The sergeant-major reminded me of our engagement. "If you had been wounded," said he, "you must have lain there till the patrol came by and found you. It happens to be Goguelat—and so must he! Come, child, time to go to by-by." And as I still resisted, "Champdivers!" he said, "this is weakness. You pain me."

"Ay, off to your beds with you!" said Goguelat, and named us in a company with one of his jovial, gross epithets.

Accordingly the squad lay down in the dark and simulated, what they certainly were far from experiencing, sleep. It was not yet late. The city, from far below and all around us, sent up a sound of wheels and feet and lively voices. Yet awhile and the curtain of the cloud was rent across, and in the space of sky between the eaves of the shed and the regular outline of the ramparts a multitude of stars appeared. Meantime, in the midst of us lay Goguelat, and could not always withhold himself from groaning.

We heard the round far off; heard it draw slowly nearer. Last of all, it turned the corner and moved into our field of vision: two file of men and a corporal with a lantern, which he swung to and fro, so as to cast its light in the recesses of the yards and sheds.

"Hullo!" cried the corporal, pausing as he came by Goguelat.

He stooped with his lantern. All our hearts were flying.

"What devil's work is this?" he cried, and with a startling voice summoned the guard.

We were all afoot upon the instant; more lanterns and soldiers crowded in front of the shed; an officer elbowed his way in. In the midst was the big, naked body, soiled with blood. Some one had covered him with his blanket; but as he lay there in agony he had partly thrown it off.

"This is murder!" cried the officer. "You wild beasts! you will hear of this to-morrow."

As Goguelat was raised and laid upon a stretcher, he cried to us a cheerful and blasphemous farewell.

(To be continued.)

APPEARANCES.

By Robert Browning.

I.

And so you found that poor room dull,
  Dark, hardly to your taste, my dear?
Its features seemed unbeautiful:
  But this I know—'twas there, not here,
You plighted troth to me, the word
Which—ask that poor room how it heard.

II.

And this rich room obtains your praise
  Unqualified—so bright, so fair,
So all whereat perfection stays?
  Ay, but remember—here, not there,
The other word was spoken! Ask
This rich room how you dropped the mask!

GRANT'S QUIET YEARS AT NORTHERN POSTS.

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

SURVIVING RECOLLECTIONS OF GRANT AT SACKETT'S HARBOR AND DETROIT.—NOTED AS A DRIVER AND A CHECKER-PLAYER.—MODEST LIFE AND GREAT RESERVE.—CONDUCTS A CHOLERA-STRICKEN REGIMENT ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.—BARRACKS LIFE ON THE PACIFIC.—UNFORTUNATE BUSINESS VENTURES.—RESIGNATION FROM THE ARMY.

AT the close of the Mexican War, Grant's regiment, the Fourth Infantry, returned to the beautiful barracks of New Orleans for a short stay, and then took ship for New York; but Grant, procuring a leave of absence, took steamer up the Mississippi River on the most important business of his life—which was to marry Miss Julia Dent. "The small lieutenant with the big epaulettes" was returning a bronzed veteran of many battles and with merited promotions. He was now brevet captain, and felt in position to marry.

An excessively modest marriage notice appeared in the newspapers of St. Louis on the 2d of July, 1848, and that was the only public recognition of this mighty event. Privately tales circulated, describing the shy young soldier who found his sword in his way, and who trembled more than at Molino del Rey or Monterey. If these tales are true, then we have two things which Ulysses Grant could not handsomely and coolly do: make a speech or get married. However, he did not think at the time to be ever again called upon to do either.

Immediately after the marriage the young people went to visit the Grants at Bethel, Ohio, and old friends of the young lieutenant at Georgetown. Old residents in these towns recall the very fair-skinned, petite, and vivacious little lady who accompanied "Ulyss," as they still continued to call the rising soldier, on this visit. After a few care-free weeks spent thus, Grant took his bride and went to join his regiment, which, from New York, had moved to Detroit, arriving there November 17, 1848. Four days later (November 21) Grant himself was ordered to Sackett's Harbor. "I well remember," remarks one who was his fellow-officer at this time, "the day Grant came to Detroit with his young bride and his sister. He was regimental quartermaster, and, after his hard campaigns in Mexico, entitled to rest; but a fellow-officer who, I believe, did it for purely selfish reasons, got Grant ordered to the bleak and undesirable post of Sackett's Harbor. Although Grant's proper place as quartermaster was at Detroit with the regimental headquarters, he uncomplainingly obeyed the orders. He laid his grievance before brevet Colonel Francis Lee, commander of the regiment, and it was forwarded to General Scott. Scott decided in Grant's favor, and as soon as navigation on the lakes was open Grant returned to Detroit."

GRANT'S MANNER OF LIFE AT SACKETT'S HARBOR AND DETROIT.

There are not many people living in Sackett's Harbor who remember Lieutenant Grant, but it happens that one or two credible witnesses remain* to supply a pleasant and lifelike glimpse of the young man, and also to give the lie to several absurd and foolish stories. Grant settled to his work in his quiet way, and made friends at once by his modest demeanor and gentle habit of command. Major Elderkin, drum-major of Grant's regiment, remembers him also with especial clearness at this and a rather earlier time, for Grant did him many favors.† "My first acquaintance with Lieutenant Grant," says Major Elderkin, "was at Corpus Christi, at the beginning of the Mexican War.

* One of these, Mr. Walter Camp, is president of the Jefferson County Historical Society, and a man of repute with his fellow-townsmen.

† Major Elderkin still lives in Detroit, a hale and hearty old soldier, tall and straight and buoyant of bearing.

He was a very mild-spoken man—spoke like a lady almost. He always asked his men to do their duty; he never ordered them in an offensive way. He was about as nice a man as I ever saw. He was wonderfully cool and quick in battle. Nothing ever 'rattled' him. He took an active part in every battle, and was quartermaster besides. I saw a great deal of him all through the Mexican War, and then at Detroit and Sackett's Harbor after the war. He was very sociable, always talked to a man freely and without putting on the airs of a superior officer.

"I remember him very well at Detroit. I also remember his wife very well; she was very fair and a charming woman. I used to carry the mail, sometimes twice a day, to their house on Fort Street. I think Lieutenant Grant at that time wore his hair rather long, but had shaved off his beard. He used to ride and drive a great deal. At Sackett's Harbor I remember he used to practice with clubs. Some said he punched a sand-bag. I never saw him do that, but he was a strong little man, and could take care of himself if necessary. He and Mrs. Grant used to go to little dancing parties, but I don't think he ever danced.

"He lived very modestly—he couldn't afford to do anything else on his pay. His only dissipation was in owning a fast horse; he always liked to have a fine nag, and he paid high prices to get one."

Major Elderkin's recollections are borne out and supplemented by those of Mr. Walter Camp of Sackett's Harbor. "Lieutenant Grant and his wife came here," says Mr. Camp, "in the fall of 1848. Few knew him, for he lived very quietly with his young bride. He came again in 1851. He was an earnest advocate of temperance while here the second time. He organized the Sons of Temperance at the barracks, and gave hearty encouragement to the order in the village by his presence. He marched once in the procession, wearing the regalia of the lodge. I heard him refuse to join in a drinking bout once. It pleased me, and I spoke to him about it next day. He explained his action by saying: 'I heard John B. Gough lecture in Detroit the other night, and I have become convinced that there is no safety from ruin by drink except from abstaining from liquor altogether.'

"It took courage in those days to wear the white apron of the Sons of Temperance, but Lieutenant Grant was prepared to show his character. He attended church while here, and lived a quiet, uneventful life. He was a great checker-player, and he generally worsted his opponent. There is a story that he rode over to Watertown once to meet a champion player. It was ten miles over there, and he rode it in forty-five minutes; he couldn't abide a slow horse. He met the champion, a shoemaker, and they settled upon a series of games and the wager. They agreed that if the result was a draw they would decide the supremacy by a foot-race. The result was a draw, and the players got out into the street and laid out the course. Grant was small, but lively on foot. He wore a linen duster, and he made it snap in the wind as he scurried up the hill and back. He won the race.

"He was a modest, quiet, sociable young fellow, of whom we knew little at the time. Mrs. Grant attended the Methodist Church, but Grant had a pew in the Episcopal Church, just to show his 'friendliness,' he said. This may have been a sentiment leading back to his life at West Point. There was a strong military feeling here during those days. Old army forms were rigidly maintained; but Grant was always simple and kindly in his manner." *

Grant had been in Sackett's Harbor but a few months when he received orders to return to Detroit. He was very glad to do this, for Sackett's Harbor at that time was far separated from the outside world even in summer. In fact, it was a cold, bleak, and inhospitable port at the edge of a vast, wind-swept lake of ice and snow. Youth and love had made it a habitable spot; but, nevertheless, the world counts for something even in the honeymoon, and as soon as the lakes were open to navigation, Lieutenant Grant and his wife returned to his rightful post.

They set to work at once to find a home of their own outside of the barracks, which were hardly habitable for a woman. The modest little frame cottage in which they made their home is still standing, and is about such as a well-to-do carpenter would occupy. At that time it stood on the outskirts of the town, and had some trees growing about it, and some vines were in the yard. There was nothing distinctive in it. It was indeed small, but it was all that the pay of a lieutenant at that time warranted. The neighbors were ordinary citizens of the workingman's condition. The officers who were unmarried

* From an interview held especially for McClure's Magazine.

lived at the hotel in the town, and walked to and fro for their meals, passing near Grant's house.

GRANT'S FAMOUS "CICOTTE MARE."

Grant settled quietly into place as quartermaster of the regiment, and it was not long before he had another horse, and "a clipper to go." A French-Canadian of the town, named David Cicotte, owned a small and speedy mare which Grant's keen eyes had observed and coveted, and which he bought as soon as his means allowed. This "Cicotte mare," as she is called by Grant's old neighbors, became so swift of foot under Grant's driving that he could show the back of his cutter to almost any turn-out on the river, which was the racing place in midwinter. His swift driving caused him to be observed and remembered far beyond any other deed or characteristic. Everybody knew Lieutenant Grant and his "Cicotte mare" at least by sight. One day he overtook a certain Mr. Trowbridge, so the story runs, and invited him to get in. "I'll drive you home," he said.

Mr. Trowbridge doubtfully climbed in, and Grant chirruped to the mare, and away they went, whizzing. An hour or two later, when Mr. Trowbridge returned home, his brother asked, "Well, how do you like riding with Grant?"

"Grant's all right," replied he, "but that beast of a horse only hit the ground three times in going up the avenue. I thought I was going to lose all my whiskers. But Grant kept saying: 'It's all right; she isn't feeling well to-day; wait till the weather gets a little cooler, and I'll give you a ride that is a ride.'"

Mr. Trowbridge was never known to try it again.

"Lieutenant Grant lived inconspicuously here," says an old Detroiter, General Palmer, then a clerk in the District Quartermaster Department. "I saw him almost daily in the course of our business. He was a little, inoffensive-looking fellow. I remember saying that it was very queer their putting quartermaster's work into his hands, and one of his fellow-officers said, 'He may be no good with papers, but he's great with a regiment.'

"He was boyish, said little, and always kept in the background. If it had not been for his fine horsemanship most people would not have noticed him. He loved horses, no doubt of that. He used to race Saturdays way out on Fort Avenue, which was then a first-rate racing ground for the citizens. On bright midwinter days the whole town would be there. Every man who had a horse took part, and Grant was always there with his little pony which he bought of Dave Cicotte.

"Grant was social, but he showed it in the way of being where people were, rather than by entertaining people. Mrs. Grant was a lively little woman, and loved company. She went out to parties and dances a good deal. Grant never danced, but he used to bring his wife and then stand around looking on. He was very inconspicuous by reason of his retiring ways.

"I knew him as well as any one here at that time, probably. I met him socially, and also officially in the daily routine of business. He was a gentleman in his habits and instincts; quiet, unobtrusive. The stories which circulated at one time about his social habits here are untrue. He wasn't that kind of a man. He took his glass of liquor with the rest of us, but he was noticeable for his domestic habits. He was considered one of the best officers in his regiment."

Grant took a pew in the Methodist Church in Detroit also, and often attended the services. While stationed at Detroit he had a rather amusing set-to with Zachariah Chandler, afterwards the well-known representative of Michigan in the United States Senate. At this time Chandler was a young merchant in Detroit, and the army officers were obliged to pass his premises on their way to and from the barracks. They often found the snow and ice lying there deep across the path. They grumbled a good deal, but Chandler was a big, burly fellow, rather proud of his strength, and no one was eager to make complaint against him. At last Grant, who knew no fear, volunteered to "bell the cat." He filed a legal complaint against Chandler.

Chandler brought the matter to trial with voluble ferocity. He accused the officers of being drunken and disorderly. Grant held to his cause, however, and Chandler was fined for obstructing the walk. Everybody expected him to make a personal assault on Grant, but he did not. Possibly something in the lines of the quiet little man's lips informed him that he could not safely do so.

At a dinner given to Colonel Grayson while he was in Detroit, Grant was called on for a toast. In noticeable tremor he rose and said, "I can face the music, but I can't make a speech." However, he gave this succinct sentiment—"The Gray-

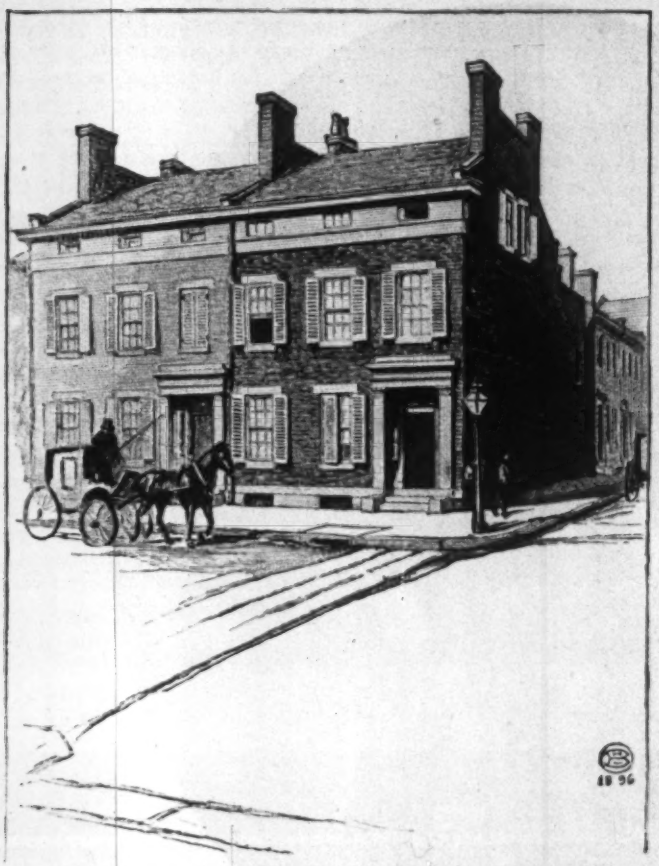
LIEUTENANT U. S. GRANT AND LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER HAYS IN 1845, WHEN THEY WERE STARTING FOR THE MEXICAN WAR.

A photographic copy of the Grant portrait in this picture was redrawn for McClure's Magazine and published in the January number. Since then the original daguerreotype has been kindly placed at our disposal by its present owner, Mrs. Agnes M. Hays Gormly, the daughter of Alexander Hays, and the present reproduction is from that original. The original picture was taken at Camp Salubrity, Louisiana, in 1845. Beside Grant (the figure in the background) is his racing pony "Dandy," and beside Lieutenant Hays is his pony "Sunshine." The two men had been fellow-cadets at West Point, and served in the same regiment in the Mexican War. Afterwards Hays, like Grant, retired from the army, to reenter it at the breaking out of the Civil War as a colonel of volunteers. He became a brigadier-general, and was killed in the battle of the Wilderness. Grant, on learning of his death, said: "I am not surprised that he met his death at the head of his troops; it was just like him. He was a man who would never follow, but would always lead, in battle."

son Guards. Should their services be required, may they be rendered in proportion to the confidence placed in them and their worthy commander."

In the Detroit "Advertiser" of June 11, 1851, appears the following: "Captain Grant and Lieutenant McConnell, United States Army, left the city yesterday to form the command at Sackett's Harbor, accompanied by the band of the Fourth Infantry." This fixes the date of Grant's return to Sackett's Harbor.

It was a dull life there on the edge of Ontario after the little round of possible gayeties had been traversed a dozen times. Grant transacted his duties promptly and well each day, and formed a reticent member of all meetings of the officers. He was considered a good fellow, but a little slow as a companion. He talked a good deal of the Mexican War, however, and at such times grew very earnest and interested, and impressed others with his power to present in orderly way his conception of



HOUSE IN WHICH GENERAL GRANT WAS MARRIED, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

From a recent photograph taken expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

the campaigns. Rufus Ingalls, Grant's old room-mate at West Point, afterwards said: "There was one thing which should have impressed me with the man's power, and it did in some degree; he gave the clearest account of the Mexican War I ever heard."

While Grant did not dance, he played cards occasionally, and checkers also. He read whatever he could find to read, and read aloud to Mrs. Grant; and in this quiet way, a tender though undemonstrative husband and a good citizen, he lived during the autumn of 1851 and the spring of 1852. He was living safely, comfortably, happily; but he became aware of a certain futility in all this. He was getting nowhere. It was merely dozing in a snug corner. Beneath his quiet exterior his companions—the more discerning of them—saw in him a "restless, energetic man."

TRANSFERRED TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

But a change came into his quiet life. An order arrived transferring him to the Pacific coast, which was almost equivalent to a removal to-day to Africa. He faced here the question of a soldier's life in a new fashion. He had developed no special love for the army, though he had ceased apparently to plan to get out of it. This order brought up again the problem of resigning and going into something else. He had those moments of profound thought which marked him at West Point, and in his face the care of a man and father had begun to write its lines. It is said he meditated seriously resigning at this time.

It was out of the question to think of taking his wife with him on the long and dangerous trip across the Isthmus; and so with great reluctance and in marked depression he left Sackett's Harbor for the Pacific coast, while Mrs. Grant returned to the home of Jesse Grant in Bethel, where her second child was born. The oldest child, named Frederick Dent Grant, was now nearly two years old.

The Fourth Infantry assembled at Governor's Island, New York Bay, and thence took ship for the Isthmus. The steamer "Ohio" was in command of Admiral Schenck, and from him we get a picture of Grant's manner and habits during the voyage.*

"In July, 1852, I took a regiment on my ship from New York to the Isthmus. Major Bonneville† was in command, and Grant was quartermaster. For the first week I did not have much to say to him. He was then a quiet, undemonstrative man, and took matters just as they came, without comment, though when called upon he never seemed to be at a loss for an opinion and a good reason to back it. Bonneville was hasty and uncertain in his action, and gave cause for disagreements, and it was a customary practice to refer these disputes to Grant as arbitrator. His

* In an interview first published in the New York "Herald."

† This was the Bonneville whose journal had been edited and amplified by Washington Irving, and published (1837) under the title "Adventures of Capt. Bonneville, U. S. A., in the Rocky Mountains of the Far West."

rulings were distinguished by particular good sense.

"He was accustomed to walk the deck late at night, and so at last we came to walk up and down the deck, discussing such matters as came up from time to time. He seemed to me to be a man of an uncommon order of intelligence. He had a good education, and what his mind took hold of it grasped strongly and thoroughly digested."

Nothing which the young soldier had ever done surpassed in energy, resource, coolness, and daring the crossing of the Isthmus. It was equal to a campaign against a foreign foe. It was a fight against fever, cholera, poisonous plants, bad water, inefficient labor, and insubordinate soldiery. As quartermaster, Grant was forced to take the brunt of all shortcomings in transportation and all complaints concerning supplies.

OFFICERS' BARRACKS, SACKETT'S HARBOR, NEW YORK.

From a photograph owned by Colonel Walter B. Camp.

GRANT'S CARE OF A PLAGUE-STRICKEN REGIMENT AT PANAMA.

It was a perilous time of year to attempt such a passage, but that made little difference to the authorities in Washington. Quartermaster Grant, luckily, was experienced in the tropical summer, and was prepared for the worst. The "Ohio" delivered her freight at Aspinwall, letting loose a swarm of gold-seekers as well as soldiery. The heat was of course terrific, and Quartermaster Grant was sleeplessly active to get his charges out of the low-lying town at once. All was confusion. The town of Aspinwall had sprung up since the beginning of the gold excitement, and had scarcely any law and certainly no order. The railway was completed only to the Chagres River, eighteen miles away. The steamship company had contracted with the government to take the troops across the Isthmus; but when they arrived at Chagres, Quartermaster Grant found everything lacking. No mules had been provided by the agent of the company, and in the rush it seemed really impossible to secure any. The agent was supine and lifeless in the matter, and Grant was forced to take charge of affairs.

The regiment marched directly toward Panama, while the regimental band and the officers' wives, accompanied by Quartermaster Grant, went down the river toward Cruces. In his report at the time Grant said: "Upon arriving at Cruces I found the agent of the contracting parties had entered into a contract with Mr. Duckworth for the transportation of baggage,

etc., from there to Panama. After waiting three days for Mr. Duckworth to furnish transportation, I found that at the terms he had agreed upon he was entirely unable to comply with his engagement."

This threw upon the young quartermaster the entire responsibility of moving the people in his charge and the regimental baggage safely on to Panama, and tested his energy and his practical experience as severely as any campaign in which he had ever been engaged. To make the situation worse, cholera had broken out in Cruces. At last he got his heterogeneous cavalcade in motion, the ladies riding astride mules, the men on foot laden with bundles, and in the midst some sisters of charity borne in hammocks by the natives. Drum-Major Elderkin, already referred to, had his bride with him, and Quartermaster Grant did all in his power to protect her from discomfort and danger. He gave the drum-major a twenty-dollar gold piece, and said: "Get a mule, if you can, to carry your wife over; but if you can't, use the money as you wish. You had better start at once. Your wife can't go safely in skirts, however; she had better dress in man's clothing."

The major, in recalling this incident recently, said: "So I dressed my wife in a pair of my white trousers and a white shirt. I had everything but a coat. I told Grant how I stood, and he said, 'I've got one that will just fit her,' and he went to his trunk and took out a jacket, which she put on. It fit very well. Then she buckled on my sword-belt. We all laughed, for she looked like a handsome boy. Then Grant said, 'Now don't drink any water while you are on the way. Get some wine, and use it sparingly.'

"When we got near Panama the natives noticed my wife and said, 'This is a handsome boy.' But some of them saw her ear-rings and said, 'This is not a boy, it is a lovely señorita.' When we got near the city the consul came out on a horse and met us, and said: 'The cholera is in Panama. When you get in, go immediately out to the ship "The Golden Gate"; don't stay in the town.' Grant stayed behind to attend to the stores. He took care of the health of the soldiers and everybody else. He had to look after the stores and pay all the bills. His position was very hard, and at one time everything seemed to depend upon him."

Cholera broke out in the ship which they took at Panama. More than one hundred and fifty men died of it, thirty-seven in one day, among the rest Major J. H. Gore, with whom Grant had been most intimately associated in Mexico and Detroit. The passengers were panic-stricken, and the men, appalled at their new foe, muttered with fear and wrath. In the midst of all the confusion and dread, which amounted to frenzy, Quartermaster Grant remained cool, resolute, watchful, and sympathetic. Nothing could flurry him or anger him or make him afraid.

"Captain Grant had a tremendous responsibility on his hands," says Mrs. Elderkin, who as the bride wife of the drum-major was the object at this time of Grant's special care. "He had hospital facilities, medicinal supplies, and the disposal of the dead to look after; but he did the work with as much system as though he had been quartered at Detroit. There we were, with from fifty to sixty dangerously sick people on our hands all the time, with twelve or fifteen of them dying daily, and with only a ship's deck to take care of them on. Grant seemed to be a man of iron, so far as endurance went, seldom sleeping, and then only two or three hours at a time, while at the same time his medicinal supplies were always ample and at hand. He seemed to take a personal interest in each case, and when one considers the matter, the hospital accommodations he provided were simply wonderful. He was like a ministering angel to us all."

The captain of "The Golden Gate" was a man of decision and character also, and an officer of wide experience in the treatment of Asiatic cholera. He refused to sail until all the passengers had been landed and all clothing fumigated and the ship thoroughly overhauled. These vigorous measures put an end to the plague, and "The Golden Gate" passed on her way to San Francisco without further mishap.

"We established a camp at Benicia," Major Elderkin relates, "which was a short distance out of San Francisco, where we stayed several weeks till we got a steamer to take us to Oregon."

GRANT'S BARRACKS LIFE ON THE PACIFIC.

Columbia Barracks, as it was then called, was a post on the Columbia River not far from the site of the present city of Portland, which was at that time a small settlement of woodsmen. The buildings of the post were erected by Grant's friend and room-mate, Rufus Ingalls. It consisted of a number of rudely and hastily con-

WEST FRONT OF FORTIFICATION AND BARRACKS, FORT WAYNE, DETROIT.

From a photograph loaned by Captain E. D. Smith of the Fifteenth Infantry. The building shown was erected in 1848, the year Grant first went to Detroit, and is the only one now standing at Fort Wayne that could have been in existence when Grant was stationed there.

structed log-houses. "Like all frontier posts of the period, it is best described by the word improvised," writes Colonel Thomas Anderson.* "Nearly everything was improvised. The houses, furniture, and fixtures were all made out of green wood with that *vade mecum* of the pioneer, the axe. Two companies of artillery had cleared a few acres of ground and put up a few buildings in the spring of 1849. In the fall of that year the Mounted Rifles came across the plains, and stopping at Vancouver began to carry on the work begun by the artillery. But early in the spring of 1850 about half of the regiment deserted to go to the California gold 'diggin's.' Those that remained became so unruly that it was decided to send them to another department.

"It was under these discouraging conditions that Grant began to perform the duties of quartermaster here. The surrounding country was a wilderness, peopled, where it was settled at all, by savage Indians or whites of the rough-and-ready frontier type. The few manufactured articles in use were brought around the Horn in sailing vessels or across the plains and mountains in wagons. The records of the post show that Grant performed all his duties as quartermaster faithfully and well; that he built houses, repaired wagons, and fitted out expeditions. Under this last head I find that in July, 1853, he supplied Captain George B. McClellan with transportation and all things needful for the first survey of the Northern Pacific railway.

"Grant served just one year at Fort Vancouver. During this time he lived and messed with his lifelong friend and West Point classmate, Rufus Ingalls, who was stationed there as depot quartermaster. He has given me many interesting incidents in his friend's early career. It seems that they kept a pair of horses on the south bank of the Columbia, opposite the post, and when they wished a little social diversion would cross the river and ride on horseback to Oregon City, twenty miles up the Willamette. Portland was then too unimportant to attract their attention."

* From an account written specially for McClure's Magazine. Colonel Thomas Anderson is the present commandant of the fort. In a subsequent letter he adds: "General Ingalls, Grant's most devoted friend, passed the later years of his life here, and I saw him nearly every day. He always claimed that Grant while here was always dignified and a gentleman; but he had few intimates. He was very quiet and reserved, but not unsocial."

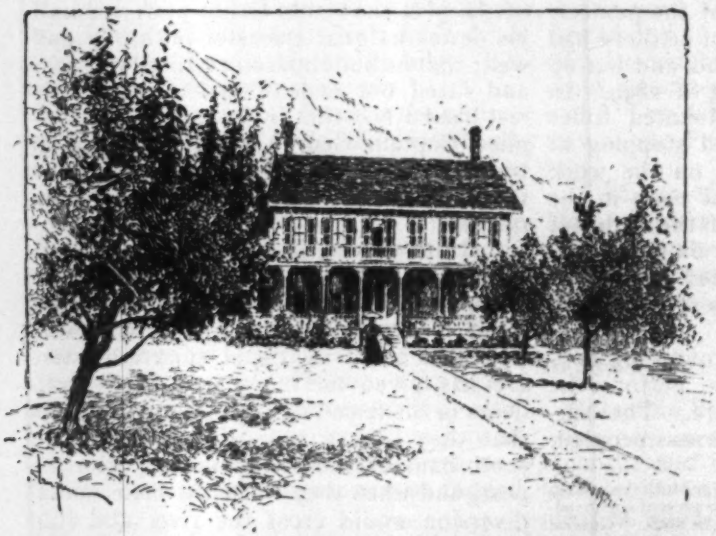
It was a dull and dreary year to the young soldier. The routine of an army post is the same everywhere, no matter how the social conditions may differ. Oregon at that time was a wilderness, and a gloomy wilderness in winter time. West of the Cascade range the vegetation is gigantic and oppressive. For six months of the year it is a land of rain, of dank moss, of dripping trees. The mists rise from the warm sea, float inward, break against the Cascade range of mountains, and fall in unending torrents over the steaming earth. There are weeks when the sun is scarcely felt, the glorious mountains are hidden, and the world is of the color of gray—green leaves and falling rain. But when the rains cease, then the dazzling crests of great mountains loom into the sky, the sun falls warm upon the earth, and vegetation leaps to maturity.

Grant did his duties and carried himself with his usual quiet dignity, but he was unusually silent and grave. He had not the careless nature which makes light of such a situation, although he was never a man to complain. He afterward spoke in warm praise of the land and the people he met there. How deeply he felt the separation from his wife and his two little sons will never be known, but the memory of an old artillery sergeant holds one revealing incident.

Captain Grant had procured for the sergeant a position as agent of the United States Ordnance Department, and on the morning after the arrival of the mail which brought the commission, the captain dropped into the sergeant's little cottage to witness and enjoy his delight. "When about to leave," the sergeant himself relates, "he said: 'Oh, I, too, had a letter last night,' and drawing one from his pocket he opened it out. He did not read it to us, but showed us the last page, where his wife had laid baby Fred's hand on the paper and traced with a pencil to show the size of it. He folded the letter and left without speaking a word; but his form shook and his eyes grew moist." *

He received few letters. There was a period of several months after leaving New York during which he was cut off from all news of his wife, and this at a time when his anxiety was peculiarly intense, and yet he uttered no complaint and was always mindful of others. He secured an appointment for Eckerson and helped Elderkin and his wife to make a home in the post. Beneath his impassive exterior he was known to be sympathetic to all need and suffering in others. Nobody ever went to him for help who did not get it readily and ungrudgingly. It seemed his greatest pleasure to aid others. Louis Sohns, a member of the Fourth Infantry band, says in a recent letter: "I saw Captain Grant almost daily while he was stationed here at Vancouver. He carried himself with dignity, and was highly respected by the garrison." And Drum-Major Elderkin adds of this same time: "I used to see Captain Grant almost every day. He used to ride up to our house almost every morning and say 'Good morning,' and ride off into the woods. He took great interest in the theatre which the officers established. His habits were very regular. He drank considerably, but not to excess. I never saw him intoxicated in my life. He was one of the kindest and best men I ever knew, but he seemed to be always sad. He never seemed jovial and hearty, like most of the officers. I thought him a very active man and a thorough soldier."

The winter dragged slowly on, and Grant began to plan diversion. He



THE HOUSE IN WHICH GRANT LIVED AT FORT VANCOUVER IN 1852 AND 1853.
Redrawn from a photograph loaned by Colonel Thomas M. Anderson, present commandant of Fort Vancouver.

* Recollections of Major Theo. Eckerson, written specially for McClure's Magazine.

FORT VANCOUVER.

Redrawn from a painting by Dr. Covington, now owned by Captain James A. Buchanan of the Eleventh Infantry.

felt the necessity of doing something outside his camp, not merely because he knew he would be the better for it physically and mentally, but also because he hoped to make money enough to enable him to send for his family. He looked about for something which he could engage in without interfering with his duties at the post. He naturally turned to the employment of his boyhood; he determined to farm. He purchased a team, rented a piece of land, and set to work valorously.

The account of this disastrous experiment is furnished by Lieutenant Wallen, who took a partnership in the enterprise. "When we got to Vancouver," says he, "we found that Irish potatoes were worth eight or nine dollars a bushel. So Grant and I agreed to go into a potato speculation. We rented a piece of ground from the Hudson Bay Company, and, as Grant had been a farmer, he was to plow it. I was to cut and drop the potatoes, and we were to tend them together. Our capital was joined to buy the seed, as neither of us had much money. We planted a large patch, and in the fall we reaped a large harvest; but everyone had raised potatoes, and they were worth nothing. We finally had to pay some of the farmers to haul the potatoes away out of the magazine that was borrowed from the commandant of the post and in which we stored them."

Grant himself says of the venture that the gray old Columbia swept over the field in June and killed part of the young plants. "However," he adds, "it saved us the trouble of digging them in the fall."

Grant also went into a partnership with Rufus Ingalls to cut and ship ice to San Francisco. This, too, ended in disaster. Adverse winds held the brig back till some ships from Sitka unloaded their cargoes on the market and ice was of no great value. He then tried buying cattle and hogs and shipping them to San Francisco. "We continued this business," said his partner, "until both of us lost all the money we had. He was the perfect soul of honor and truth, and believed everyone as artless as himself. I never knew a stronger or better man." *

In August, 1853, Grant was promoted to a full captaincy and ordered to Fort Humboldt to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Captain Bliss, famous as General Taylor's adjutant in the Mexican War. He started for his new post in October. "The post," says Richardson, "was two hundred and forty miles north of San Francisco, and the buildings stood on a plateau affording a splendid view of Humboldt Bay. The only town in the vicinity was Eureka, which contained but a saw-mill and twenty houses. Communication with

* Quoted in Burr's "Life of General Grant."

San Francisco was solely by water, and mails were very irregular. The officers looked out anxiously every morning for a sail, and when one appeared galloped down to Eureka for their letters or a stray newspaper. The line captain's duties were less onerous than the quartermaster's had been, and the discipline was far more rigid and irksome."

Grant had little work to occupy his time, he was far separated—hopelessly separated from his family, and had an uncongenial commander in Colonel Buchanan. He took little interest in the dancing, hunting, fishing, and other diversions of the officers; and, above all, the futility of the whole life weighed upon him. He saw nothing ahead worth doing. He seemed to be indefinitely settled at a dull post. He was not a man of small things and dull routine. He had been at Fort Humboldt scarcely six months when he took a leave of absence and soon after resigned his commission. The immediate cause of his resignation has been the subject of much gossip and speculation. Grant's own explanation, in his "Personal Memoirs," is as follows: "My family, all this while, was at the East. It consisted now of a wife and two children. I saw no chance of supporting them on the Pacific coast out of my pay as an army officer. I concluded, therefore, to resign, and in March applied for a leave of absence until the end of the July following, tendering my resignation to take effect at the end of that time. I left the Pacific coast very much attached to it, and with the full expectation of making it my future home."

This is brief, but it is reasonable and sufficient. If there were other causes than the one assigned, they cannot now be certainly ascertained. None of the officers who served at Fort Humboldt with Grant are now living, and of his life there the positive information is very slight. The resignation took effect July 31, 1854. The change came when he was least prepared for it. Unlucky speculations had left him with little ready money, and he knew not which way to turn. To read his own account of this time one would think all his acts were commonplace, the time a gray day and nothing more. As a matter of fact it had all the elements of a tragedy to the gallant young soldier and to his ambitious father. Up to this moment there had been a faint hope of being transferred back to some Eastern post, where he might gather his family about him; but now the future was a shoreless, gray sea. The prospect plunged him into the deepest despair. What could he do? He had no money; everything seemed to go against him. The sullen old Columbia swept away his crop. Adverse winds held his ship from port. A rascally debtor had defaulted. Everything had failed. And now he was a private citizen once more, under a ban, and penniless. In such condition he walked the streets of San Francisco, not knowing which way to set his face.

Robert Allen, chief quartermaster of the coast, heard some men talking of him and was made aware of his presence in San Francisco. He set forth to find him, for he loved him, as did everyone who knew him. "He found him at last in a miner's hotel called the 'What Cheer House.' Grant was up in a little garret room which contained only a small cot, a pine table, and one chair.

"'Why, Grant, what are you doing here?' asked Allen.

"'Nothing,' he replied. 'I've resigned from the army. I'm out of money, and I have no means of getting home.'

"'Well,' said Allen, 'I can arrange for your transportation without trouble, and I guess we can raise some money for you.'

"He took hold of the matter vigorously, and through him Grant procured transportation to New York and money enough to meet his daily needs."

He reached New York still forlorn and practically penniless. He had enough to carry him to Sackett's Harbor, where one of his recreant debtors lived, from whom he expected to extract some money. He failed to do so, and returned to New York in worse condition than ever. There he applied to Simon B. Buckner, who was stationed as a recruiting officer in Brooklyn, and received fifty dollars, which enabled him to reach Covington, Kentucky, where his father now lived.

It was a sad blow to the proud old father. He turned away from his eldest son to his younger sons, Simpson and Orvil. They were to uphold the honor of the family. The mother, on the contrary, was glad that he was out of the service. She seemed to understand the dangers and temptations of a soldier's life in barracks, and was relieved to know he was returning to civil life and a home. Her serene, steadfast, and gentle spirit helped him to get his bearings once more.

DANIEL VIERGE, THE MASTER ILLUSTRATOR.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE MAN AND HIS ART.

By August F. Jaccaci.

WHEN one looks over a number of representative contemporary illustrations and compares them with those made during the early and middle part of the century, one cannot help being struck by the fact that illustration, the most democratic of our modern arts, has undergone, within less than thirty years, a revolution, or rather an emancipating evolution. To no man but Daniel Vierge can this radical change be justly attributed. He was its prime mover, and from the first stood, as he stands today, head and shoulders above the rest of his professional brethren—once their recognized leader, now the honored master whose career continues to be their inspiration.

Passing from the older examples to the most recent ones is like jumping from the dull atmosphere of fatuous respect for obsolete traditions into a free, vivid expression of the modern life around us. The old illustrations everywhere in France, Germany, and Italy, with a few exceptions which emphasize the rule, seem to have been executed according to straight and hard formulas, so that no matter what the subject represented was, all were treated in the same artificial way; the same persons appeared again in hardly a different guise; the same monotony of technique pervaded them all; and the same lights, the same intense shadows were thrown over them. Under the influence of a man powerful enough to go straight to nature for his inspiration, modern illustration has struck out for itself into untrodden paths, where the observation of nature is the first consideration; where the artists, seeking to

render solely what is before them, endow reality with the intensity of feeling, dramatic or otherwise, which reality kindles in them. To so render subjects which had been treated in a formal fashion, the old narrow, meagre method was inadequate. A new technique had to be invented, full of light and movement, of gaiety and unexpectedness, savoring strongly, not of the cold atmosphere of the schools, nor of their straight and narrow formulas, but of nature and of life alone. The extraordinary importance of that evolution and the difficulty of its achievement can be appreciated only when one reflects that a technique is usually the product of generations, the slow unfolding and perfecting of given means of expression sifted through many minds, and that here a technique had to be found with most varied and unexpected means because its field was practically of limitless range and unknown. For example, in old days, day and night scenes were treated in the same fashion, only a little more black or a little more white differentiating the night from the day; but in the modern illustrations every scene had to be rendered in its own peculiar way, necessitating, so to speak, in each case, a different treatment, born of the scene itself. So magnificent a result, to which we have become accustomed as we have to the latest and most wonderful conquests of electricity, hardly realizing the strides made, we owe to Daniel Vierge more than to any other man, and justly he has been called "The Father of Modern Illustration."

It is needless to point out in this magazine the advantages of the side lights thrown by the intimate life of a man, in order to truly appreciate the nature of his talent, its genesis, its unfolding, its tendencies. Without lingering on biographical minutiæ, it is worth while going over the few simple steps which have marked the career of Vierge.

Daniel Urrabieta y Vierge, born in Madrid in 1851, soon grew up to express his boyish ideas through the pencil as other children do with language spoken or written. His father, Vincente Urrabieta Ortiz, was the most renowned illustrator of Spain at the time. He joined with a great love for his art a capacity for work, of which hundreds of thousands of drawings, scattered all over the Spanish newspapers and books, testify. A kindly, enthusiastic nature he was, and remained to the end of his days Daniel's best friend and adviser. Soon recognizing the genius of his boy, he gave him every opportunity to study, so that at thirteen years of age Daniel, after a brilliant examination, entered the Fine Arts Academy of Madrid.

His whole training before this had been to try to jot down on paper the things that impressed him. His father, with remarkable tact, had encouraged him in trying to give expression to his individual thoughts in his own individual way. He never made copies from the drawings or paintings of others; his only models were the things of life, moving, breathing; and no doubt there was laid the foundation of a talent which has succeeded in the rendering of life better than that of any other man in our day. Vierge says that he owes to that training all that he is.

In the Academy of Fine Arts Vierge found a rare teacher, Don Federico de Madrazo, and his fellow-pupils were men who have since attained a wide European reputation. There were the great Villegas and Rico and Carbonero, and many others whose works adorn the best picture galleries in this country, as elsewhere. There Vierge learned what Mr. Ingres called "the probity of art"—drawing seriously and painstakingly from the model, and refining his study little by little until there stood on the paper the life figure, not simply with its characteristic expression of movement, its main picturesque and typical outside features, but considered as carefully in all its parts and constructed as the model himself, with a living body under his costume, and flesh and bones under his skin.

There was a great rivalry between the pupils, who, to the criticism of the master, added criticisms of their own to one another. Their enthusiasm for their work did not permit them to have idle evenings after their hard day's labor, and they used to go out together in the streets of Madrid, searching for the most interesting and picturesque manifestations of the popular life in low quarters; looking at them intently, reflectively, and the next morning, in the quietness of their rooms, unaided by any documents (for it was the rule not to take any sketches or notes), they tried to render what had most impressed them.

This splendid exercise of training the memory, accustoming one thereby to see vividly and well the large aspects of a thing, was no doubt an important factor in developing Vierge's talent. Many art connoisseurs prefer the drawings of Rico and Villegas to their paintings, precisely because these drawings show more than their paintings how accurate and nervous

MENDICANTS AT THE JERUSALEM GATE, CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE, DURING HOLY WEEK.

From "La Vie Moderne."

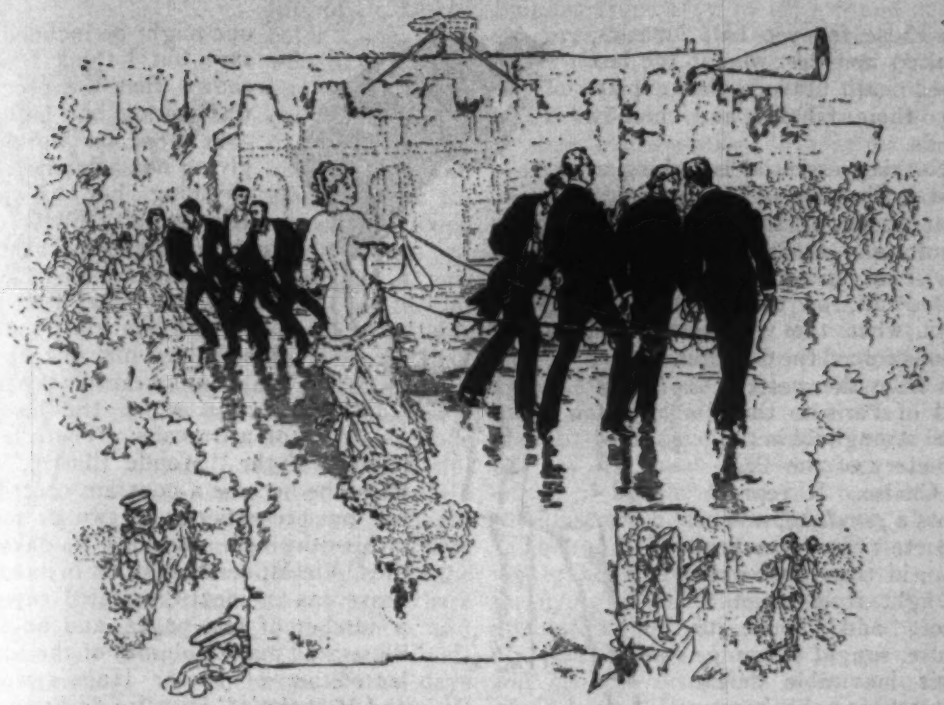
a grasp of a scene these men have.

The tendency of the French school—the teaching of all other schools, in fact, in comparison with this—is towards elaborate compositions (which are afterthoughts) and an execution with the help of the model, whence it seems that, with the acquirement of a necessary thoroughness, all the life and spirit of the thing has departed. So far as I know, the Spaniards of that period were the only group of people who cultivated memory, as well as composition and academic drawing.

Vierge had been casting longing glances toward Paris, then the Mecca of all artists. There are now many signs of a reaction against that feeling, but in those days, and especially in Spain, with the meteoric career of Fortuny so dazzling before one, Paris was the place to which all artists aspired, and to which Vierge came at sixteen years of age. Spaniard and provincial in his ways, he found himself lost in the whirlpool of the cosmopolitan life. Yet nothing ever seemed to surprise him, while the stimulus of his surrounding influences in that maelstrom of movement began to be felt in his first productions.

Then, as now, in Paris, as elsewhere, the ranks of the illustrators were pretty full, and no one was allowed to come in without good fortune or great talent. Vierge didn't have the good fortune, but his strenuous efforts were rewarded, and he managed to live by contributing here and there to some ephemeral sheets of the illustrated weekly press. He was happy though, taking so much pleasure in his work that there was nothing in the world outside of it for him, and he became a recognized power in the circle of foreign artists who were trying to force the well-guarded doors of the French editors. He was young, abandoning himself to the joy of living, the pleasure of seeing life in its multitudinous manifestations,—the high and the low, the good and the bad,—free from the trammels of school and teacher, and training him-

THE INTERIOR OF AN ARAB SHOEMAKER'S TENT AT THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION OF 1879.
From "Le Monde Illustré."



THE FIGURE OF A COTILLION AT THE ANNUAL BALL OF THE ALUMNI OF THE PARIS POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL.

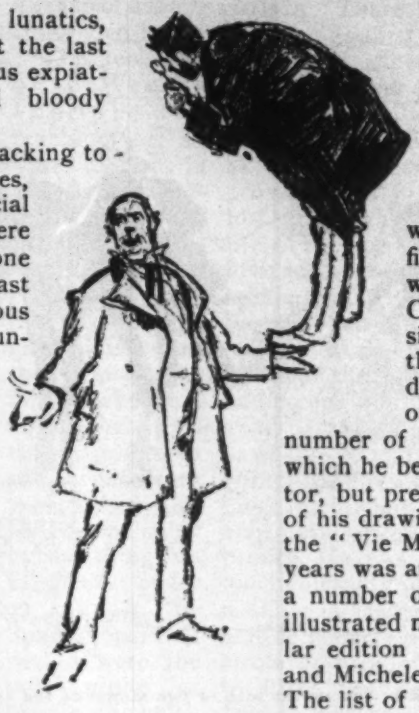
From "Le Monde Illustré."

self, as in his early days, to render what he saw in his own way.

No one can tell what Vierge might have been had not the unexpected happened. Surely his development would have been more gradual; but that thunderbolt from a clear sky, the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and its sequel, the Commune of 1871, made a man of the boy, a master of the student. Stirred to the very depth of his being by the tragic events which threw the Parisians into frenzied excitement, appealed to by the daily dramatic scenes around him, he responded magnificently, like a violin string touched by the bow. All his training, all his fierce and dramatic, his sombre and energetic Spanish nature asserted itself in a vibrant expression so powerful that it stands forth unique among the many productions brought out by the *Année Terrible*. All the shackles of his school training were thrown over; the tentativeness of his earlier works disappeared, and, rising to the occasion in a series of pages which have roused the admiration of his brother artists ever since, he depicted all those every-day events of the war in a manner full of simplicity and directness, and so forcible that it brings back to one all that sad and eventful period. There was all the master. He has since worked in other fields; he has never done anything better.

To find a parallel to the few scratchy drawings which he made at the peril of his life during the Commune, one must go back to the masters of the past—to Goya in his "Horrors of War"—but it is in making such comparisons that one feels how useless and inadequate comparisons are. These pages of the Commune are unique; that poor Spanish youth wandering in the streets of Paris when every one was looking for spies, when summary executions were the order of the day, has put some of that unrest, of that feeling of horror, in these magisterial pages. It is a rare delight to see him take them out of a little secretary in his studio, some twenty small sheets of that thin, gray paper which the Parisian small shopkeepers use for wrapping their humble wares. The artist handles them tenderly, as if the mere act of touching the fragile things were bringing back to him the experiences of those inauspicious days. The few lines struck off, as it were, in the very face of death, stand out with incomparable vividness, like mute witnesses. There is the cruel and bloodthirsty Raoul Rigault, a socialist, or rather a nihilist, bedecked in splendid military paraphernalia, like a guardsman of imperial Germany. There

are those fellows, half lunatics, exalted apostles, who at the last faced death bravely, thus expiating their fanatic and bloody deeds.



Nothing essential is lacking to that collection of types, poor sheep of the social revolution. And then there are two drawings, one above all, of those last days, when the victorious troops forced the Communists from the western end of Paris to their final stronghold in the cemetery of the Père la Chaise. It represents a *pétroleuse*, one of the terrible creatures who, in these last days of fight from street to street and house to house, sought to avenge their inevitable defeat upon those noble monuments which are the glory of France and mark the periods of its history, by soaking them with petroleum and finally setting fire to them. The writer remembers how hideous the nights were made by these conflagrations, which lit up the heavens, turning night into day, so that miles away from the fires one could without trouble read the papers in the streets, while the sharp snaps of the incessant musketry firing, punctuated by the loud reports of cannon, reëchoed on all sides. That *pétroleuse* is at bay, half crouched, her back against the wall, with the bayonets which are to pierce her at her breast. Her savage, villainous face haunts one like a nightmare. It is the epitome of the whole Commune.

No artist's life more than that of Vierge has been solely devoted without stops and shackles of any kind to his art. With the consciousness of having acquired the power to express himself,—acquired suddenly, one might be inclined to say; but I think I have shown that the process was gradual and logical,—he kept on working, giving not a moment to anything but his art. His assiduity in his work would have wrecked a much finer constitution. As it was, for ten years after the Commune his giant's physique helped him to keep up the most extraordinary production which the history of art recalls. There is no number of the "Monde Illustré," to which he became a constant contributor, but presents one or two or more of his drawings. Besides, he gave to the "Vie Moderne," which in its early years was an ideal illustrated review, a number of fine pages, and he also illustrated many volumes of the popular edition of Victor Hugo's works and Michelet's "Histoire de France." The list of his productions is so enormous that it is inconceivable how one man did it all. More wonderful still, the quality of his work was always of the highest. Mr. de Heredia of the French Academy says: "All that which French poetry, history, and romance have created of most beautiful in this century, Vierge has felt, understood, and translated; and one does not know, in turning over the 'History' of Michelet, or so many of the books of the great Hugo, which is most worthy of admiration, the prodigious fecundity of the artist, or the suppleness and truly marvellous variety of his genius."

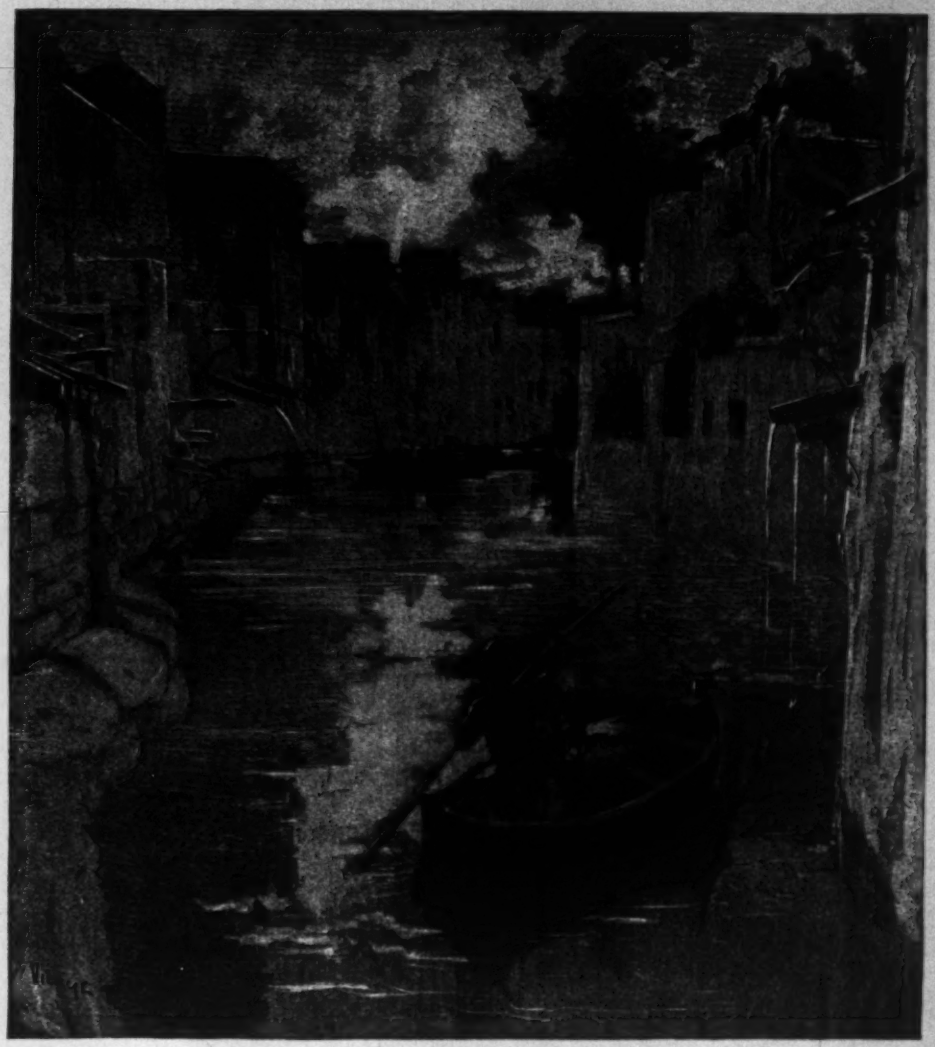
And Vierge's time was not spent alone in drawing; a large part of it was devoted to the training of engravers to interpret his work. In the same sense as he is "the father of modern illustration," he has been the prime mover and foster-father, we may say, of the modern school of engraving.

Like the illustrators whose work they translated on wood, the engravers were hampered and limited by narrow traditions; and when those new drawings, so full of

life, of air, and of color came, they were at a loss to know how to render them. Their old methods, quiet, formal, and meagre, were totally inadequate to cope with the robustness of Vierge's drawings. A new technique had to be invented, and the wood was made to tell things it had never dared to tell before. One has only to look back upon the illustrations made prior to the seventies to appreciate the revolution which has been wrought in wood engraving. There is no one technique like the hard and fast technique of old days; there is always an adequate, sympathetic, and expressive interpretation of an individual drawing. In the work of the days when Vierge did for the weekly press all those marvellous pages of every-day actuality,—that actuality which is, one might say, the small change of history,—one cannot but be delighted with the life and variedness of the engravings. It is the exuberance, the freshness, the "go" of those engravings which appeal to one's appreciation irresistibly. Every wood engraver, under the powerful example of the master, dared to be an original artist; and yet each one was respectful, as no one had ever been before, of the illustrator's personality. It must have been a hard task to so completely change the whole current and tone of an entire profession, but Vierge proved equal to the task. The finest engravers of our day in France, Lepere and Baude, say that he has been the making of them; and their work has had a compelling influence on the American as well as the English and German engravers. It is not too much to say that wood engravers were slaves until Vierge appeared on the scene.

The extent of Vierge's production is only matched by his versatility; for his range of subjects embraces everything. He always delighted in scenes of war, and the Carlist War of 1873–1876, and the war in the Balkans from 1877 to 1879, found in him an ever-ready, ever-sympathetic interpreter; but, above all, he has glorified the facts of common life, upon which artists had been used to look as unworthy of their consideration, in a series of improvised masterpieces—inestimable documents—which are like intimate revelations of the elements of a character, a beauty living all about us which we do not see. It does not matter what the subject is with Vierge; if simply it be a page of real life it is sufficient to rouse his interest. He has no choice, no preconceived idea; at least he had none in those days, everything was sympathetic. He was always glad to take what presented itself, until one day the great occasion arose when an editor of insight asked him to undertake the illustration of a Spanish book.

Though living in Paris, seldom returning to his native country, and then but for flying visits, Vierge had remained a Spaniard to the backbone. He had picked up just enough French to get along, and his sole diversions were such as he would have enjoyed at home. His family had followed him one by one, and they formed in the midst of their French friends and acquaintances a pure little Castilian colony. He was full of gratitude for what Paris had done for him, and would never go away from it; but he remained true to his race, its traditions, and mode of life. The proposition of the editor opened a new horizon to Vierge. Of the few books that were his companions, he chose to illustrate the picturesque novel of "Don Pablo de Segovia." Until he started that work he had no idea how much of a Spaniard he was. No doubt the costumes and environment were infinitely more picturesque material than any that had yet befallen him; but the types were such as he could know and feel in their very essence. Then, after having always inspired himself from reality, he found for the first time a door opened to his imagination. It was a new force in him which, be-



STREET OF A MURCIAN VILLAGE DURING AN INUNDATION.

From "La Vie Moderne."

ing undeveloped, he had hardly suspected. His joy in dipping into that old atmosphere of the glorious days of Spain was as intense as it was unexpected. And here, for the first time, he found scope also for his humor, of so riotous and exuberant a quality.

Most of the work of Vierge before this had been done in two black-and-white mediums—wash, and pen and ink. In both he stands unrivalled; but his pen and ink, reproduced directly without the interposition of the engraver, represents him more intensely and faithfully. All the critical authorities have expatiated upon the wonderful technical merit of his pen and ink work, so straightforward and virile, and Vierge made no mistake in choosing that medium for the illustrations of his "Don Pablo." His hero is an extraordinary adventurer whose wit and presence of mind never desert him in the most distressing circumstances, and who passes through a series of singular adventures, touching high and low, the aristocracy, the middle classes, and the peasants, none more than the class of professional swindlers, beggars, which then were a feature of Spanish civilization. One follows him, in the most amusing and philosophical way, through school and convent, prisons, and dens of burglars. How real all this seems as seen with Vierge's imagination in those eighty or more drawings, which were until recently considered his masterpieces!

In the midst of this work, when fired up with such enthusiasm as he says he had

SCENES FROM AN OPERETTA.

From "LeMonde Illustré."

never before felt, the artist was, without the slightest warning, struck by paralysis, which, in the twinkling of an eye, deprived him of memory, speech, action; leaving him a wrecked body with apparently no signs of life, except of a merely vegetative kind. And yet, slumbering in that ruin of a most powerful and healthy organism were no mere glimmerings, but an acute realization, of his condition. He had no means to express himself; his father, who might, nay, who would, have understood, was dead; and his family, after consultation with the best Parisian doctors, gave him up as one soon to die. It is pathetic to hear the artist tell of that awful experience, and one marvels how he could have come out of it sound in mind. The great Dr. Charcot, when called to examine him, said roughly that there was nothing to do; that in a few weeks, going from bad to worse, he would be dead. And Vierge heard it all. But he clung to life, and after two years of tragic agony, slowly recovered the partial use of his limbs. His memory came back entirely to him, and with indomitable energy, his right hand being useless, he set to work patiently training his left hand to draw.

It has been a very slow recovery; but the artist stands to-day, but for that partial paralysis of his right side, which is constantly growing better, and for a certain difficulty of speech, the fine man he was before; a finer man, because reflected in his latter-day productions, of necessity much fewer than of old, is something greater, more elemental and essential, than his first work. The brilliancy of his technique is replaced by qualities more precious. He is more thoughtful, and touches things in a deeper way. It is a new stage in Vierge's development. Some have said (it is unfortunate that so much should be written about art, which, when it is art at all, is a sufficient explanation unto itself) that Vierge having changed, his first manner is preferable to his second manner, and others assert that the second is superior to the first. No doubt, as

it is in the nature of things that mature age should follow youth, the simple truth is that Vierge has grown, as all fine people do grow. But idiosyncrasies are not to be reasoned with. Some prefer the buoyancy of youth, and love to linger upon it; to others maturity appeals more. Surely the quality of charm exists as strongly in the drawings of the second manner as in those of the first. The man was too good to stop in his career, he has gone ahead, and life in its tragic aspect having left its imprint upon him, he has given a new note, a graver one, more sober, but full of just the same power and the same personal qualities.

Lately it seems as if Vierge had gone back to his old inspiration in those drawings made from notes taken during a journey which he undertook primarily to prepare himself for what he and his friends consider must be the crowning achievement of his career, an illustration of "the great and wise and kindly book" which, written by a Spaniard, belongs to all mankind; a book that, like all the great books of the world, still remains to be illustrated by the ideal man—the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes.

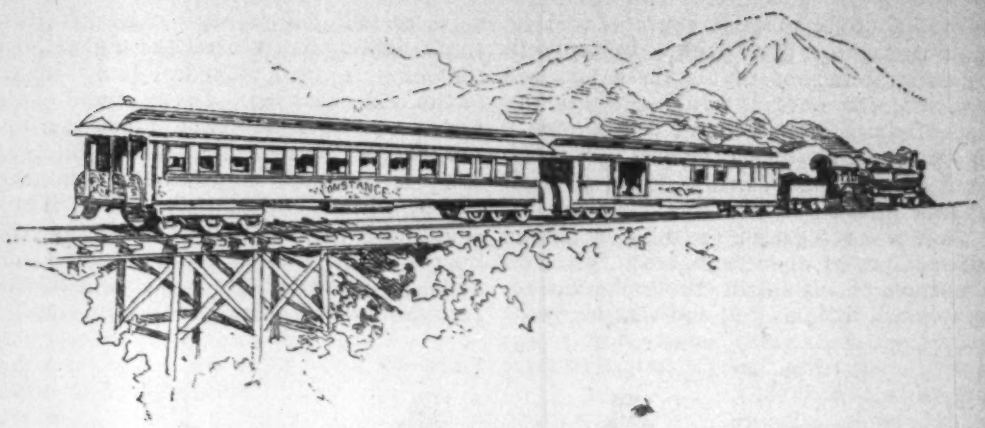
Vierge is completely independent of the modern movement which insists upon the necessity of doing translations from nature directly from nature. He has never done his work directly on the spot; yet it is admirably true to nature and to life, and few artists would dream that he uses the model but rarely. His manner of work is like that of the old painters. He has so profoundly learned to memorize, that the process is inbred in him; and his notes from nature, therefore, while exceedingly accurate, are scanty. In two or three strokes of the pencil they give an attitude, an effect, the expression of a face, or the movement of a crowd. If a bit of landscape, two or three lines, two or three dashes of vivid color, and that is all he needs. Then in the studio, quietly, with the memory of the scene before him, he makes those elaborate compositions which are true in every detail. Or he will draw a type as carefully and thoroughly, and carry it as far as if the man were standing before him. While everything he does is true to life, he well knows how to endow reality with the color of his feelings. He is like a poet, one of those exceptional natures essentially synthetic, who, of what he has seen, makes a work of art that is, as Zola says, "a corner of nature seen through a temperament." It is in comparing a photograph with a drawing by Vierge representing the same thing that one understands the part a great artist plays. It is a conception of art singularly short-sighted and altogether too easy, the rendering a scene after the manner of an instantaneous photograph. The photograph sees too much of it, gives and emphasizes unduly every detail, and the result is perforce mechanical. In the work of the artist a process of selection takes place; long reflection results in the simplifying and emphasizing of the impressions received. The artist has to digest what he sees, to select all that is essential and necessary, so as to render the mystery of an effect, the dramatic or picturesque look of a scene. An artist has to love his art very much to do this, for in comparison it is infinitely easier to copy. And when one is such a master of virtuosity as Vierge, who, with the simplest means and in a few moments, can deal with facts in the most precise and telling manner, such a process implies self-respect and a passionate love for what is best and highest.

The French painters, large-hearted Meissonier at the head, followed by Gérôme, Cabanel, Carolus Duran, and all the leading men, petitioned their government to confer the cross of the Legion of Honor upon Vierge, "one of the greatest artists of all times," as they expressed it. This unanimous token of esteem and appreciation touched Vierge profoundly; and at the banquet given in celebration of his accession to the ranks of the Legion of Honor,

he was so overcome by emotion that he could neither eat nor speak. In reply to the congratulations of his three hundred sponsors, the poor invalid, straightening himself up with the help of a staff, could only utter, "Thanks! Thanks! It is too much honor!" and, sitting down, covered his face with his hands.

That was typical of the man, a simple and unaffected man, who, with full consciousness of his talent, thinks he has accomplished little as yet, and that his great work is still before him. And his life is free from any motives but the highest, like that of a faithful cathedral image-maker of the religious ages. In the studio at the end of a little court behind his house, in a suburb of Paris, he is to be found from early morning till night, happy, singing, and working,—constantly working. There is nothing in the world for him but his beloved work and his home. Such a pure and single-minded life is a beautiful and rare example.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A true illustrator has always in view, while doing his work, the final engraved result, printed on a page of a given size, and harmonious with type of a special design. The selection of illustrations for this article presented a peculiar difficulty, as the reduction to the size of MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE of Vierge's most important productions—the drawings which he made for the large pages of the "Monde Illustré" and the "Vie Moderne"—took away much of those elements of force and character which are the trade-mark, so to speak, of the virile artist. The editors have felt that they should not, in justice to Vierge, attempt to give more than a few small, and, at best, inadequate reproductions of the hundreds of large illustrations which he has contributed to the French weekly illustrated press; but in order to explain and complete these, they have secured from the artist some precious leaves from his sketch-books which have never been published before. Some of these rapid notes, jotted down as records of such simple facts as a type, a movement, a gesture, an expression, reveal as much as any of his finished productions the master's incomparable virtuosity, his vividness of impression, his never-failing sympathy with nature and life. The portrait of Vierge in his studio, at the head of this article, was secured especially in view of its publication in MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.



"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Harvey Cheyne, the pampered son of an American millionnaire, falls overboard from an Atlantic liner as he is voyaging to Europe in company with his mother. He is picked up, off the Grand Banks, by the fishing schooner "We're Here," of Gloucester. His story of his rich connection is too fabulous to be believed by the humble-minded skipper of the "We're Here," and he is forced to fall to work as a member of the crew, and bide with the schooner on the Banks until she finishes her season. It is a hard ordeal, but soon brings out in the boy a rather fine spirit.

CHAPTER VIII.—*Concluded.*

THE "We're Here" was racing neck and neck for her last few loads against the "Parry Norman," a Provincetown boat; and since that meant Cape Cod against Gloucester, the fleet took sides and betted tobacco. All hands worked at the lines or dressing-down till they fell asleep where they stood—beginning before dawn and ending when it was too dark to see. They even used the cook as pitcher, and turned Harvey into the hold to pass salt, while Dan helped to dress down. Luckily the "Parry Norman" lost a man who sprained his ankle falling down the foc'sle, and the "We're Here's" gained. Harvey could not see how more fish could be crammed into her, but Disko and Tom Platt stowed and stowed, and planked all down with big stones from the ballast, and there was always "jest another day's work." Disko did not tell them when all the salt was wetted. He rolled to the lazarette aft the cabin and began hauling out the big mainsail. This was at ten in the morning. The riding-sail was down and the main and top sail were up by noon, and dories came alongside with letters for home, envying their good fortune. At last, with cleared decks, she hoisted her flag—as is the right of the first boat off the Banks—up-anchored and began to move. Disko pretended that he wished to accommodate folks who had not sent in their mail, and so worked her gracefully in and out among the schooners. In reality, that was his little triumphant procession, and for the fifth year running it showed what kind of mariner he was. Dan's accordion and Tom Platt's fiddle supplied the music of the magic verse you must not sing till all the salt is wet:

"Hey! Yih! Yoho! Send your letters raound!
All our salt is wetted, an' the anchor's off the graound!
Bend, oh, bend your main'sle, we're back to Yankeeland—
With fifteen hunder' quintal,
An' fifteen hunder' quintal,
'Teen hunder' toppin' quintal,
'Twix' old 'Queereau an' Grand."

Copyright, 1896, by Rudyard Kipling.

The last letters pitched on deck wrapped round pieces of coal, and the Gloucester men shouted messages to their wives and womenfolk and owners, while the "We're Here" went through her musical ride among the Fleet, her headsails quivering like a man's hand when he raises it to say good-by.

Harvey very soon discovered that the "We're Here" with her riding-sail, strolling from berth to berth, and the "We're Here" headed west by south under home canvas, were two very different boats. There was a bite and kick to the wheel even in "boy's" weather; he could feel the dead weight in the hold flung forward mightily across the surges, and the streaming line of bubbles overside made his eyes dizzy.

They had little time for loafing those days. Disko kept them busy fiddling with the sails; and when those were flattened like a racing yacht's, Dan had to wait on the big topsail, which was put over by hand every time she went about. In spare moments they pumped, for the packed fish dripped brine, which does not improve a cargo.

The best fun was when the boys were put on the wheel together, Tom Platt within hail, and she cuddled her lee-rail down to the crashing blue, and kept a little home-made rainbow arching unbroken over her windlass. Then the jaws of the booms whined against the mast, and the sheets creaked, and the sails filled with roaring; and when she slid into a hollow she trampled like a woman tripped in her own silk dress, and came out, her jib wet halfway up, yearning and peering for the tall twin lights of Thatcher's Island.

They left the cold gray of the Bank sea, saw the lumber-ships making for Quebec up the straits of St. Lawrence, with the Jersey salt-brigs from Spain and Sicily; found a friendly northeaster off Artimon Bank that drove them within view of the East light of Sable Island—a sight Disko did not linger over—and stayed with them past Western and Le Have, to the northern fringe of George's. From there they picked up the deep water and let her go merrily.

"Hattie's pulling on the string," Dan confided to Harvey. "Hattie an' ma. Next Sunday you'll be hirin' a boy to throw water on the windows to make ye go to sleep. Guess you'll keep with us till your folks come. Do you know the best of gettin' ashore again?"

"Hot bath?" said Harvey. His eyebrows were all white with dried spray.

"That's good, but a night-shirt's better. I've been dreamin' o' night-shirts ever since we bent our mainsail. Ye can wiggle your toes then. Ma'll hev a new one fer me, all washed out soft. It's home, Harve. It's home! Ye can sense it in the air. We're runnin' into the aidge of a hot wave naow, an' I can smell the bay-berries. Port a trifle."

The hesitating sails flapped and lurched in the close air and the deep smoothed out, blue and oily, round them. When they whistled for a wind only the rain came in spiky rods, bubbling and drumming, and behind the rain the thunder and the lightning of mid-August. They lay out with bare feet and arms telling one another what they would order at their first meal ashore; for now the land was in plain sight. A Gloucester sword-fish boat drifted alongside, a man in the little pulpit on the bowsprit flourishing his harpoon, his bare head plastered down with the wet. "And all's well!" he sang cheerily, as though he were watch on a big liner. "Wouverman's waiting fer you, Disko. What's the news o' the Fleet?"

Disko shouted it and passed on, while the wild summer storm pounded overhead and the lightning flickered along the capes from four different quarters at once. It gave the low circle of hills round Gloucester Harbor, Ten Pound Island, the fish-sheds, with the broken line of house-roofs, and each spar and buoy on the water, in blinding photographs that came and went a dozen times to the minute as the "We're Here" crawled in on half-flood, and the whistling-buoy moaned and mourned behind her. Then the storm died out in long separated, vicious dags of blue-white flame, followed by a single roar like the roar of a mortar-battery, and the shaken air tingled under the stars, as it got back to silence.

"The flag, the flag," said Disko, suddenly, pointing upward.

"What is ut?" said Long Jack.

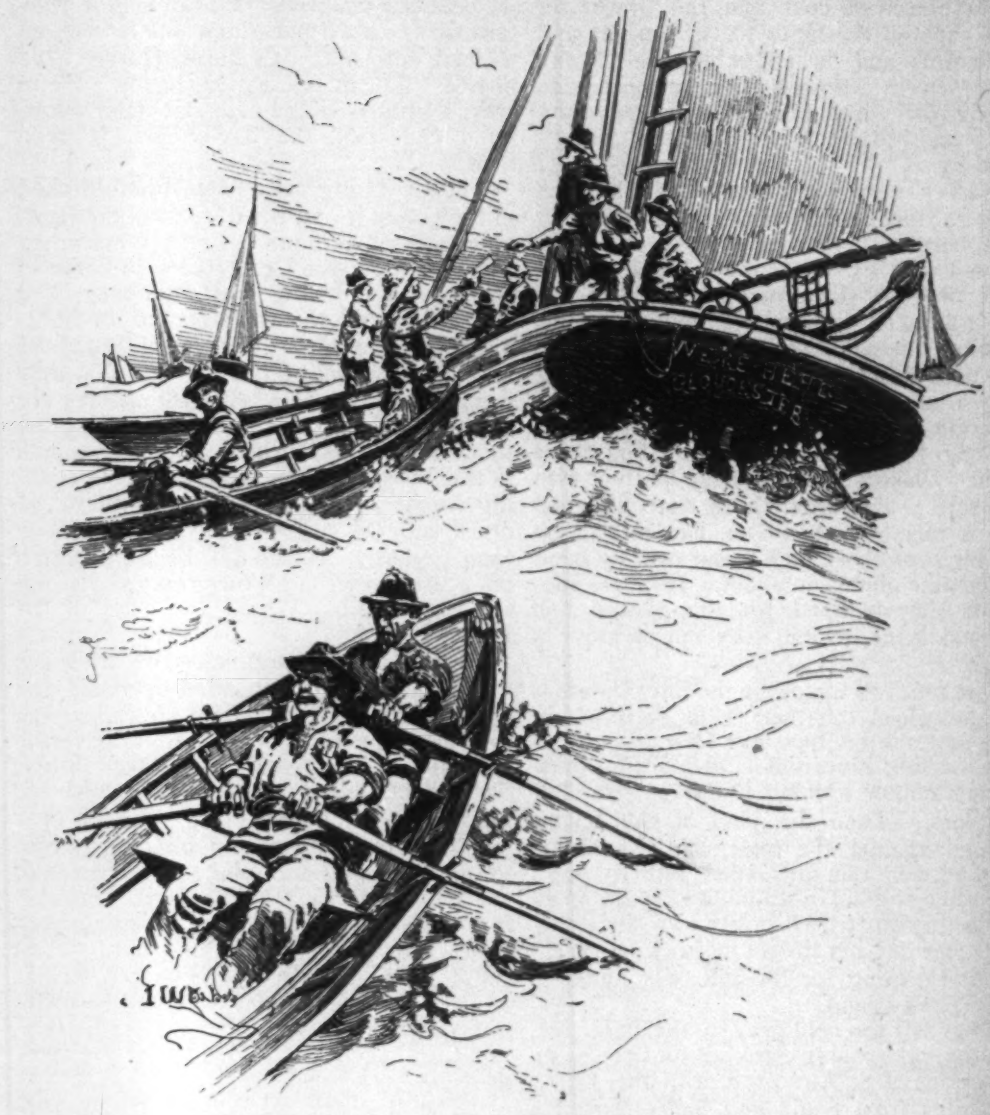
"Otto! Ha'af mast. They can see us frum shore now."

"I'd clean forgot. He's no folk to Gloucester, has he?"

"Girl he was goin' to be married to this fall."

"Mary pity her!" said Long Jack, and lowered the little flag half-mast for the sake of Otto, swept overboard in a gale off Le Have three months before.

Disko wiped the wet from his eyes and led the "We're Here" to Wouverman's wharf, giving his orders in whispers, while she swung round moored tugs and night-watchmen hailed her from the ends of inky-



"DORIES CAME ALONGSIDE WITH LETTERS FOR HOME."

black piers Over and above the darkness and the mystery of the procession, Harvey could feel the land close round him once more, with all its thousands of people asleep, and the smell of earth after rain, and the familiar noise of a switching-engine coughing to herself in a freight-yard; and all those things made his heart beat and his throat dry up as he stood by the foresheet. They heard the anchor-watch snoring on a lighthouse tug, nosed into a pocket of darkness where a lantern glimmered on either side. Somebody waked with a grunt, threw them a rope, and they made fast to a silent wharf flanked with great iron-roofed sheds full of warm emptiness, and lay there without a sound.

Then Harvey sat down by the wheel, and sobbed and sobbed as though his heart would break, and a tall woman who had been sitting on a weigh-scale dropped down into the schooner and kissed Dan once on the cheek; for she was his mother, and she had seen the "We're Here" by the lightning flashes. She took no notice of Harvey till he had recovered himself a little and Disko had told her his story. Then they went to Disko's house together as the dawn was breaking; and until the telegraph office was open and he could wire to his folk,

Harvey Cheyne was perhaps the loneliest boy in all America. But the curious thing was that Disko and Dan seemed to think the better of him for crying. He could not help himself.

Wouverman was not ready for Disko's prices till Disko had given him a few days to swallow them; so all hands played about the streets, and Long Jack stopped the Rocky Neck trolley, on principle, as he said, till the conductor let him ride free. But Dan went about with his nose in the air, bung-full of mystery and most haughty to his family.

"Dan, I'll hev to lay inter you ef you act this way," said Troop, pensively. "Sense we've come ashore you've bin a heap too fresh."

"I'd lay into him naow ef he was mine," said Uncle Salters, sourly. He and Penn boarded with the Troops.

"Oho!" said Dan, shuffling with the accordion round the back-yard, ready to leap the fence if the enemy advanced. "Dad, you're welcome to your own jedgment, but remember I've warned you. Your own flesh an' blood ha' warned ye! 'Tain't any o' *my* fault ef you're mistook, but I'll be on deck to watch ye. An' ez fer *yeou*, Uncle Salters, Pharaoh's chief butler ain't in it 'longside o' you! You watch aout an' wait. You'll be ploughed under like your own blamed clover; but me—Dan Troop—I'll flourish like a green bay-tree because *I* warn't stuck on my own opinion."

Disko was smoking in all his shore dignity and a pair of beautiful carpet-slippers. "You're gettin' ez crazy as poor Harve. You two go araound gigglin' an' squinchin' an' kickin' each other under the table till there's no peace in the haouse," said he.

"There's goin' to be a heap less—fer some folks," Dan replied. "You wait an' see."

He and Harvey went out on the trolley to East Gloucester, where they tramped through the bay-berry bushes to the light-house, and lay down on the big red boulders and laughed themselves hungry. Harvey had shown Dan a telegram, and the two swore to keep silence till the shell burst.

"Harve's folk?" said Dan, with an unruffled face after supper. "Well, I guess they don't amount to much of anything, or we'd ha' heard frum 'em. His pop keeps a kind o' store out West. Maybe he'll give you's much as five dollars, dad."

"What did I tell ye?" said Salters. "Don't sputter over your vittles, Dan."

CHAPTER IX.

WHATEVER his private sorrows may be, a multi-millionnaire, like any other workingman, should keep abreast of his business. Harvey Cheyne, senior, had gone East late in June to meet a woman broken down, half mad, who dreamed day and night of her son drowning in the gray seas. He had surrounded her with doctors, trained nurses, massage-women, and even faith-cure companions, but they were useless. Mrs. Cheyne lay still and moaned, or talked of her boy by the hour together to any one who would listen. Hope she had none, and who could offer it? All she needed was assurance that drowning did not hurt; and her husband watched to guard lest she should make the experiment. Of his own sorrow he spoke little—hardly realized the depth of it till he caught himself asking the calendar on his writing-desk, "What's the use of going on?"

There had always lain a pleasant notion at the back of his head that, some day, when he had rounded off everything and the boy had left college, he would take his son to his heart and lead him into his possessions. Then that boy, he argued, as busy fathers do, would instantly become his companion, partner, and ally, and there would follow splendid years of great works carried out together—the old head backing the young fire. Now his boy was dead—lost at sea as it might have been a Swede sailor from one of Cheyne's big tea-ships; the wife was dying, or worse; he himself was trodden down by platoons of women and doctors and maids and attendants; worried almost beyond endurance by the shift and change of her poor restless whims; hopeless, with no heart to meet his many enemies.

He had taken the wife to his raw new palace in San Diego, where she and her people occupied a wing of great price, and Cheyne, in a verandah-room, between a secretary and a typewriter, who was also a telegraphist, toiled along wearily from day to day. There was a war of rates among four Western railroads in which he was supposed to be interested; a devastating strike had developed in his lumber-camps in Oregon, and the legislature of the State of California, which has no love for its makers, was preparing open war against him.

Ordinarily he would have accepted battle ere it was offered, and have waged a pleasant and unscrupulous campaign. But now he sat limply, his soft black hat pushed for-

ward on to his nose, his big body shrunk inside his loose clothes, staring at his boots or the Chinese junks in the bay, and assenting absently to the secretary's questions as he opened the Saturday mail.

Cheyne was wondering how much it would cost to drop everything and pull out. He carried huge insurances, could buy himself royal annuities, and between one of his places in Colorado and a little society (that would do the wife good), say in Washington and South Carolina, a man might forget plans that had come to nothing. On the other hand . . .

The click of the typewriter stopped; the girl was looking at the secretary, who had turned white.

He passed Cheyne a telegram repeated from San Francisco :

Picked up by fishing schooner "We're Here," having fallen off boat. Great times on Banks, fishing. All well. Waiting Gloucester, Mass., care Disko Troop, for money or orders. Wire what shall do ; and how is mamma?—Harvey N. Cheyne.

The father let it fall, laid his head down on the roller-top of the shut desk, and breathed heavily. The secretary ran for Mrs. Cheyne's doctor, who found Cheyne pacing to and fro.

"What—what d'you think of it? Is it possible? Is there any meaning to it? I can't quite make it out," he cried.

"I can," said the doctor. "I lose seven thousand a year—that's all." He thought of the struggling New York practice he had dropped at Cheyne's imperious bidding, and returned the telegram with a sigh.

"You mean you'd tell her? May be a fraud?"

"What's the motive?" said the doctor, coolly. "Detection's too certain. It's the boy sure enough."

Enter a French maid, impudently, as an indispensable one who is kept on only by large wages.

"Mrs. Cheyne she say you must come at once. She thinks you are seek."

The master of thirty millions bowed his head meekly and followed Suzanne ; and a thin, high voice on the upper landing of the great white-wood square staircase cried : "What is it? What has happened?"

No doors could keep out the shriek that rung through the echoing house a moment later, when her husband blurted out the news.

"And that's all right," said the doctor, serenely, to the typewriter. "About the only medical statement in novels with any truth to it is that joy don't kill, Miss Kinzey."

"I know it ; but we've a heap to do first." Miss Kinzey was from Milwaukee, somewhat direct of speech, and as her fancy leaned towards the secretary, she divined there was work in hand. He was looking earnestly at the vast roller-map of America on the wall.

"Milsom, we're going right across. Private car—straight through—Boston. Fix the connections," shouted Cheyne down the staircase.

"I thought so."

The secretary turned to the typewriter and their eyes met (out of that was born a story—nothing to do with this story). She looked inquiringly, doubtful of his resources. He signed to her to move to the Morse as a general brings brigades into action. Then he swept his hand musician-wise through his hair, regarded the ceiling, and set to work, while Miss Kinzey's white fingers called up the Continent of America.

"*K. H. Wade, Los Angeles*— The 'Constance' is at Los Angeles, isn't she, Miss Kinzey?"

"Yep." Miss Kinzey nodded between clicks as the secretary looked at his watch.

"Ready? *Send 'Constance,' private car, here, and arrange for special to leave here Sunday in time to connect with New York Limited at Sixteenth Street, Chicago, Tuesday next.*"

Click — click — click ! "Couldn't you better that?"

"Not on those grades. That gives 'em sixty hours from here to Chicago. They won't gain anything by taking a special east of that. Ready? *Also arrange with Lake Shore and Michigan Southern to take 'Constance' on New York Central and Hudson River Buffalo to Albany, and B. and A. the same Albany to Boston. Indispensable I should reach Boston Wednesday evening. Be sure nothing prevents. Have also wired Canniff, Toucey, and Barnes.*—Sign, Cheyne."

Miss Kinzey nodded, and the secretary went on.

"Now then. Canniff, Toucey, and Barnes, of course. Ready? *Canniff, Chicago. Please take my private car 'Constance' from Santa Fé at Sixteenth Street. next Tuesday p.m. on N. Y. Limited through to Buffalo and deliver N. Y. C. for Albany.*—Ever bin to N'York, Miss Kinzey? We'll go some day.—Ready? *Take car Buffalo to Albany on Limited Tuesday p.m.* That's for Toucey."

"Haven't bin to Noo York, but I know *that!*" with a toss of the head.

"Beg pardon. Now, Boston and Albany, Barnes, same instructions from Albany through to Boston. Leave three-five P.M. (you needn't wire that); arrive nine-five P.M. Wednesday. That covers everything Wade will do, but it pays to shake up the managers."

"It's great," said Miss Kinzey, with a look of admiration. This was the kind of man she understood and appreciated.

"'Tisn't bad," said Milsom, modestly. "Now, anyone but me would have lost thirty hours and spent a week working out the run, instead of handing him over to Santa Fé straight through to Chicago."

"But see here, about that Noo York Limited. Chauncey Depew couldn't hitch his car to *her*," Miss Kinzey suggested, recovering herself.

"Yes, but this isn't Chauncey. It's Cheyne—lightning. It goes."

"Even so. Guess we'd better wire the boy. You've forgotten that, anyhow."

"That's so. I'll ask."

When he returned with the father's message, bidding Harvey meet them in Boston at an appointed hour, he found Miss Kinzey laughing over the keys. Then Milsom laughed too, for the frantic clicks from Los Angeles ran: "We want to know why—why—why? General uneasiness developed and spreading."

Ten minutes later Chicago appealed to Miss Kinzey in these words: "If crime of century is maturing please warn friends in time. We are all getting to cover here."

This was capped by a message from Topeka (and wherein Topeka was concerned even Milsom could not guess): "Don't shoot, Colonel. We'll come down."

Cheyne smiled grimly at the consternation of his enemies when the telegrams were laid before him. "They think we're on the war-path. Tell 'em we don't feel like fighting just now, Milsom. Tell 'em what we're going for. I guess you and Miss Kinzey had better come along, though it isn't likely I shall do any business on the road. Tell 'em the truth—for once."

So the truth was told. Miss Kinzey clicked in the sentiment while the secretary added the memorable quotation, "Let us have peace," and in board-rooms two thousand miles away the representative of sixty-three million dollars' worth of variously manipulated railroad interests breathed more freely. Cheyne was flying to meet the only son, so miraculously restored to him. The bear was seeking his cub, not the bulls. Hard men who had their knives drawn to fight for their financial lives put away the weapons and wished him God speed, while half a dozen panic-smitten tin-pot railroads perked up their heads and spoke of the wonderful things they would have done had not Cheyne buried the hatchet.

It was a busy week-end among the wires; for, now that their anxiety was removed, men and cities hastened to accommodate. Los Angeles called to San Diego and Barstow that the Southern California engineers might know and be ready in their lonely round-houses: Barstow passed the word to the Atlantic and Pacific, and Albuquerque flung it the whole length of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé management, even into Chicago. An engine, combination-car with crew, and the great and gilded "Constance" private car were to be "expedited" over those two thousand three hundred and fifty miles. The train would take precedence of one hundred and seventy-seven others meeting and passing; despatchers and crews of every one of those said trains must be notified. Sixteen locomotives, sixteen engineers, and sixteen firemen would be needed—each and every one the best available. Two and one-half minutes would be allowed for changing engines; three for watering, and two for coaling. "Warn the men, and arrange tanks and chutes accordingly; for Harvey Cheyne is in a hurry, a hurry—a hurry," sang the wires. "Forty miles an hour will be expected, and division superintendents will accompany this special over their respective divisions. From San Diego to Sixteenth Street, Chicago, let the magic carpet be laid down. Hurry! oh, hurry!"

"It will be hot," said Cheyne, as they rolled out of San Diego in the dawn of Sunday. "We're going to hurry, mother, just as fast as ever we can; but I really don't think there's any good of your putting on your bonnet and gloves yet. You'd much better lie down and take your medicine. I'd play you a game o' dominoes, but it's Sunday."

"I'll be good. Oh, I *will* be good. Only—taking off my bonnet makes me feel as if we'd never get there."

"Try to sleep a little, mother, and we'll be in Chicago before you know."

"But it's Boston, father. Tell them to hurry."

The six-foot drivers were hammering their way to San Bernardino and the Mohave wastes, but this was no grade for speed. That would come later. The heat

of the desert followed the heat of the hills as they turned east to the Needles and the Colorado River. The car cracked in the utter drouth and glare, and they put crushed ice to Mrs. Cheyne's neck, and toiled up the long, long grades, past Ash Fork, towards Flagstaff, where the forests and quarries are, under the dry, remote skies. The needle of the speed-indicator flicked and wagged to and fro; the cinders rattled on the roof, and a whirl of dust sucked after the whirling wheels. The crew of the combination sat on their bunks, panting in their shirt-sleeves, and Cheyne found himself among them shouting old, old stories of the railroad that every trainman knows, above the roar of the car. He told them about his son and how the sea had given up its dead, and they nodded and spat and rejoiced with him; asked after "her, back there," and whether she could stand it if the engineer "let her out a piece," and Cheyne thought she could. Accordingly, the great fire-horse was "let out" from Flagstaff to Winslow, till a division superintendent protested.

But Mrs. Cheyne, in the boudoir state-room, where the French maid, sallow-white with fear, clung to the silver door-handle, only moaned a little and begged her husband to bid them "hurry." And so they dropped the dry hills and moon-struck rocks of Arizona behind them, and grilled on till the crash of the couplings and the wheeze of the brake-hose told them they were at Coolidge by the Continental Divide.

Three bold and experienced men—cool, confident, and dry when they began; white, quivering, and wet when they finished their trick at those terrible wheels—swung her over the great dips and falls from Albuquerque to Glorietta and beyond Springer, up and up to the Raton Tunnel on the State line, whence they dropped rocking into La Junta, had sight of the Arkansaw, and tore down the long slope to Dodge City, where Cheyne took comfort once again from setting his watch an hour ahead.

There was very little talk in the car. The secretary and typewriter sat together on the stamped Spanish-leather cushions by the plate-glass observation-window at the rear end, watching the surge and ripple of the ties crowded back behind them, and, it is believed, making notes of the scenery. Cheyne moved nervously between his own extravagant gorgeousness and the naked necessity of the combination, an unlit cigar in his teeth, and the pitying crews forgot that he was their tribal enemy, and did their best to entertain him.

At night the bunched electrics lit up that distressful palace of all the luxuries, and they fared sumptuously, swinging on through the emptiness of abject desolation. Now they heard the swish of a water-tank, and the guttural voice of a Chinaman, the clink-clink of hammers that tested the Krupp steel wheels, and the oath of a tramp chased off the rear platform; now the solid crash of coal shot into the tender; and now a beating back of noises as they flew past a waiting train. Now they looked out into great abysses, a trestle purring beneath their tread, or up to rocks that barred out half the stars. Now scaur and ravine changed and rolled back to jagged mountains on the horizon's edge, and now broke into hills lower and lower, till at last came the true plains.

At Dodge City an unknown hand threw in a copy of a Kansas paper containing some sort of an interview with Harvey, who had evidently fallen in with an enterprising reporter, telegraphed on from Boston. The joyful journalese revealed that it was beyond question their boy, and it soothed Mrs. Cheyne for a while. Her one word "hurry" was conveyed by the crews to the engineers at Nickerson, Topeka, and Marceline, where the grades are easy, and they brushed the Continent behind them. Towns and villages were close together now, and a man could feel here that he moved among people.

"I can't see the dial, and my eyes ache so. What are we doing?"

"The very best we can, mother. There's no sense in getting in before the Limited. We'd only have to wait."

"I don't care. I want to feel we're moving. Sit down and tell me the miles."

Cheyne sat down and read the dial for her (there were some miles at eighty-two), but the seventy-foot car never changed its long steamer-like roll, moving through the heat with the hum of a giant bee. Yet the speed was not enough for Mrs. Cheyne; and the heat, the remorseless August heat, was making her giddy; the clock hands would not move, and when, oh, when would they be in Chicago?

It is not true that, as they changed engines at Fort Madison, Cheyne passed over to the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers an endowment sufficient to enable them to fight him and his fellows on equal terms for evermore. He paid his obligations to engineers and firemen as he believed they deserved, and only his bank knows what he gave the crews who had sympathized with him. It is on record that the last crew took entire charge of switching

operations at Sixteenth Street, because "she" was in a doze at last, and Heaven was to help any one who bumped her.

Now the highly paid specialist who conveys the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Limited from Chicago to Elkhart is something of an autocrat, and he does not approve of being told how to back up to a car. None the less he handled the "Constance" as if she might have been a load of dynamite, and when the crew rebuked him, they did it in whispers and dumb show.

"Pshaw!" said the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé men, discussing life later, "we weren't runnin' for a record. Harvey Cheyne's wife, she were sick back, an' we didn't want to jounce her. Come to think of it, our runnin' time from San Diego to Chicago was 57.54. You can tell that to them Eastern way-trains. When we're tryin' for a record, we'll let you know."

To the Western man (though this would not please either city), Chicago and Boston are cheek by jowl, and some railroads encourage the delusion. The Limited whirled the "Constance" into Buffalo and the arms of the New York Central and Hudson River (illustrious magnates with white whiskers and gold charms on their watch-chains came on here to talk a little business to Harvey), who slid her gracefully into Albany, where the Boston and Albany completed the run from tide-water to tide-water—total time, eighty-seven hours and thirty-five minutes, or three days, fifteen hours and one-half. Harvey was waiting for them.

(To be continued.)

THE LADY IN THE BOX.

By Clinton Ross,

Author of "The Countess Bettina," "The Scarlet Coat," etc.

I.

IS a theory as old as the dear goddess herself that there's such a thing as being brought down into a state of sentimental collapse by one effective glance. So I suppose bachelors ever are searching, expecting they may give or receive that one look; they fancy ever that outside of the circle they know there will be some one who will answer in their cases the requirements of the love stories. So they go about peering into faces, into carriages, at their neighbors; in public conveyances, or at the play, or church. Of course they rarely confess this weakness. I remember in my own case how I sat up late with a man to hear him deride the better sex, and when, on being told the next morning he was engaged, I accused him of insincerity, he said, without a blush, "Why, she's the one woman who proves the rule." Instead of confessing, your seasoned bachelor goes to the opposite extreme, as a defence against himself, of posing as near a misogynist or as a gay fellow who holds all women lightly. But of all this has not Louis Stevenson written better than I ever may in that delightful essay, "Virginibus Puerisque"? I have only to tell a story of one of those fellows who are ever looking about, looking about; and how this one met her. He was afterward not a bit ashamed of having sought sentimentalities—since he had succeeded in finding one; and, so, I may as well let him tell his own story of "The Lady In The Box."

II.

The lobby was crowded, and it promised a good house for the famous comedian. Alone with only Tom Levin, I envied everybody who seemed to be married, or on the way to that end. I forgot that many of my friends who had succeeded seemed to have made a mess of it. I only remembered that most of the people and the pretty girls I might have called on, wouldn't care to see me on an evening when only greater intimates were privileged. You see, I was at the play with Tom Levin only because I had nothing better to do.

The play, a fine old comedy, done by a good company, carried a contagious geniality, and the audience were inclined to make the applause frequent. But I was

"SHE WAS IN A BOX WITH A LOT OF PEOPLE: TWO OLD PERSONS AND A GAY YOUNG GENTLEMAN."

all the time looking about; and looking about I first saw her.

She was in a box with a lot of people: two old persons and a gay young gentleman who seemed to have been dining—it was not the simple cheer of unaided spirits. The two old persons might have been her father and mother; the gentleman looked irascible, like your notion of a successful banker, though successful bankers, like other celebrities, never look as you expect them to.

The elder lady was a study for a dowager. But, as for the real lady of the box—the lady who took my fancies at once and who has held them since—she was pretty, as you can imagine. She was half a blonde and half a brunette. She was vivacious and sweet and admirably gowned, and, of course, bored by the young man. I disliked him tremendously. I thought that I, and I alone, was worthy to talk to her.

"Look here, Billie, you're looking at that girl in the box more than at the stage."

"You're an old idiot, Tom," said I, and I looked again.

This time she was staring at me; actually she was returning my stare, and then she nodded. For a moment I was embarrassed; and then I nodded back.

"Know her?" said Tom.

"I should say so," said I.

She was looking at me, and then calling the others' attention to me. I was growing red, for I was sure it was a mistake. Yet we were cooped on the side against an empty box. There was nobody besides us to bow to there. It must be I. I bowed again.

"Who is she?" said Tom.

"You ought to know," said I.

The curtain went down. The audience stamped and shouted for the famous comedian. But I was looking at her, and she was looking at me; and then she leaned forward and beckoned. At first I couldn't believe it at all; she was actually beckoning to me.

"I am going over there," said I.

"Who are they?" said Tom.

"I may not come back," said I, taking my coat and hat, and ignoring his question.

"She looks interesting," said Tom. "I shouldn't—"

But I was up the aisle. I didn't hear his further observations. I would speak to her. I would be the person she took me to be. You probably have read some particular story about such an adventure. Have you longed that it might happen to you? I knew that I would have gone anywhere if that particular girl had beckoned to me in that way. As an actual fact I wasn't the least timid about it. I went on boldly; I hadn't a misgiving.

So I entered the box. A nearer view made her more delightful. She extended her hand, blushing a bit. I didn't notice the others; I believe I did hear the young fellow's "How d'ye do?" That was all. I heard it because I had taken an instinctive dislike to him.

"I oughtn't to have called to you, Jack," said she. "You didn't deserve it."

"One expects to get what he doesn't deserve sometimes," said I.

"But the flowers were nice of you, Jack," she went on.

"I wish they had been more than flowers," said I.

"That's good of you," said she. "Just to reward you, you may stay here through the play, and then you can go back and see how crazy Dottie and Charlie are because they are sitting up on account of Charlie's birthday."

"Dottie and Charlie usually are," said I.

"You don't mean that of my brother and sister," said she, rather stiffly.

"We all were crazy on our birthdays when we were that age. Now, weren't we?" said I. "I'm crazy now, I think. I feel like looking up a street beggar instead of him looking me up."

"You're always doing nice things, Jack," said she.

"I believe," said I, "that if I painted, I could paint—well—a lady in a box at the play."

"Or you might write a story."

"I know what the story would be about," said I. "An angel in a box at the play would take me for somebody I wasn't."

"As if Jack weren't Jack," said she. "I have read a story like that."

"Yes, exactly," said I; "my story wouldn't be original. But it would be delightful for the young man who should be mistaken for somebody else—for me, that is, who am not Jack—"

"In the story, that is," said she.

"Yes, it's a story," said I. "But to go on, in the story, say I'm not Jack, but Billie, and I haven't anywhere to go this evening excepting to this play, when it happens the mistake is made, and I am raised to the level of happiness."

"Eh, what's that?" said the old gentleman, who appeared to be quite deaf. "I hope they'll Christianize the Turks," he added, inconsequently.

"I myself sent over some preserved ginger for the Armenians," said the old lady.

But the young fellow I disliked said nothing. He didn't like my presence there. I was glad that he didn't. It delighted me for Jack's sake, and, incidentally, for my own, that I could make him fidget. At last he rose and said he must go; and, for the other acts of the play on the stage, and my own little play, I had the heroine quite to myself. I forgot Tom Levin there alone and forlorn. I thought of Annabel—I found her name was Annabel. She didn't remind me of Poe, save that her words were like music—the sweetest music. I forgot that I wasn't Jack: that any moment my disguise might be penetrated; and then toward the play's end I remembered it. But by that time I thought I knew her very well. She was not a girl who was hard to know, when you chanced to be Jack; it was as easy as making love to the right girl. I thought I should care to make love to her; I wondered if Jack did. Yes, of course he did. How could he help it?

"What would you do if the story I imagined about Jack should be true?"

"It was a very silly story," said she.

"Some silly stories have a foundation of fact."

"I should think, then," said she, "that the man would be dreadful."

"Dreadfully presumptuous," said I. "Isn't that permitted—presumption, I mean—where a pretty woman is concerned?"

"I should call it impertinence."

"Oh, I say," said I, "I'm sorry for that imaginary fellow."

"I don't pity him a bit. But"—the curtain was down; the audience was shuffling—"you are coming home with us to take supper?"

I hesitated; but when you will be called presumptuous in any case, you may as well make the most of the situation.

"I shall be delighted," said I; and I followed her to the lobby, into garish Broadway, where the crier was bawling for the carriages.

I touched her finger-tips in assisting her. I fancied they gave mine a slight, responsive pressure, and I liked it. I jumped into that carriage as joyously as if I really were Jack.

You may suppose that I might make some mistake; that common interests between Jack and her would have led me to some hopeless disclosure of my ignorance of Jack's acquaintances and peculiarities. But nothing of that sort happened; and, when you analyze acquaintanceship, it's surprising how by the mere use of small talk you can avoid mentioning anybody or anything. So, as we rode on through the long streets, I only grew to know the more what she was like, and I was evidently like Jack.

As for the old people, they seemed to leave us quite to ourselves. There plainly was an understanding about Jack and Annabel, and at one moment I was both jealous of this fellow who wasn't, and who still was I, and at another I was thanking Jack for having paved the way for me.

When we had drawn up before a rather pretentious house, while the man opened

the door she whispered, "In some way you are different to-night, Jack."

"Didn't Flavia say something like that to Rassendyll in 'The Prisoner of Zenda'?" said I, as we ascended the steps.

"When she thought he was the king?"

We were in the hall now, and her cheeks were glowing as she threw off her wrap.

"But Flavia liked him the more because he was different," said I.

"I believe she did," she acknowledged.

"Am I," I insisted, "any the worse in your eyes for being rather different from the ordinary Jack?"

"Don't be silly," said she. "Besides, that whole story was silly. There couldn't be such a case of a double."

"Ah, couldn't there?" I said. "I want to tell you that there can be." I couldn't keep it up any longer. I wanted her to know me, to be myself. I didn't want to be taken for my double for a moment longer. "It's so in my case; I am not Jack!"

She looked at me suddenly frightened, and then she burst into laughter.

"How silly you are!"

"There's the difference, then, between me and the ordinary Jack," I said. "I am sillier than he."

"No," said she, sobering; "but I think I like you better to-night."

"Ah, then you do like me for myself," I cried. "I am not Jack."

"What do you mean?" she said, looking at me quickly. "Isn't there such a thing as carrying a joke too far?"

"You made me," I said; "and I would do it again—just to know you—for five minutes—"

"What are you talking about? I don't understand."

Again that look of fright was over her face; and I think then she understood.

"Forgive me," I said. "I shall hate myself for it."

But she did not answer; and the inevitable happened: the real, the expected Jack, entered the room.

I don't think I ever have had so uncanny a feeling as when we first faced each other. I was half an inch taller, perhaps; as we stood there staring at each other any one could see the difference. When we were not together anybody could mistake us.

"Who are you?" said Jack.

"Simply an impostor," said I. I could not say anything else. I must do the manly thing then and there.

"You were trying to tell me—all the time," she said, in a low voice.

"Perhaps I didn't try so hard as I might," sad I, bowing.

"You are an extraordinary impostor," came the old gentleman's treble. "I'll hand you over to the police."

"He's been personating me," said Jack.

Then Annabel spoke up:

"We made him. We insisted he was you."

"Still, it was a cowardly thing to do. Come outside, sir," said Jack.

"Presently," said I. "I have a right to a word. There are times in a man's life when he has been in the wrong and the most he can do is to apologize. I am sorry about it. Still, the adventure claimed me. Still—well, I did it."

I bowed again; I fumbled for a card.

"That's my card. You will see I'm not a thief or a coward, I hope. I belong at least to a decent family; that may explain matters."

Again I looked around at them, and, bowing, went into the hall, hoping I hadn't appeared so badly. I certainly had, badly enough; a poor appearance wasn't to be avoided in that predicament. Jack followed me out. He had the card in his hand; he looked as if he knew my name.

"I don't know but I should have done the same thing," said he. "It's extraordinary."

"Rather," said I. "It's good of you, however, to say you would have done the same thing."

"I think we have the same great-grandfathers."

"You are a Merton, then?" said I.

"Yes, I'm John Merton, as you are William Merton. You see, I always have been in England, up to two weeks ago."

"That's why we haven't met. But it's strange," said I. "I never believed that such resemblances could occur."

"Do come in," he now said; "let me explain."

"I can't," I answered, "under the circumstances."

"I understand how you feel," he said; "but then it was excusable. I know I might have done the same, if Annabel had been the girl. At least, I will look you up."

We shook hands, and I went gloomily into the street. Jack was a very good fellow, after all. It's well, if you have a double, for him to be a decent fellow. And we admired the same girl. Ah, but there was a difference; and Annabel had said it was not to my discredit. I woke up in the night and remembered that. But it

"'WHO ARE YOU?' SAID JACK. 'SIMPLY AN IMPOSTOR,' SAID I."

wasn't so very much consolation, after all.

In the morning I saw the situation clearer. I thought I had been right in not going back when Jack asked me to; but now I could go and explain. I wanted to see Annabel again. I wondered if she remembered she had pressed my hand in the carriage, and if she hated me for having let her. I stopped and thought about it all at a church door. I was so sorry, and the choristers bore the hymn up to heaven; for it was a Sabbath morning.

Well, I called. I asked for her, wondering if she would see me. I should have called for her father, but I didn't know their names; to be sure I might have asked at the door; I ought to have asked for Jack. To make the matter plain, I will repeat I didn't do any of these things, which you may think reprehensible in me.

But instead of seeing her I saw the old gentleman who had been so offended the night before. He came into the room the very picture of an apoplectic old fellow in a tremendous rage.

"How dare you, sir?" he cried; "how the deuce dare you?"

"You didn't expect, my dear sir, that I was going to run away, did you? I was bound to see you again, after your very extraordinary conduct last night."

"My extraordinary conduct!" he cried, gasping. "What d'yĕ mean, sir?"

"Why, you invited me into your box. I didn't know but that I might have met you somewhere."

"I should think you would remember a girl like Annabel," said he.

"I should think so, too," I answered. "I only thought I was very—very stupid."

"No such thing!" he almost screamed;

"'HOW DARE YOU, SIR? HE CRIED."

"no such thing at all! You accepted because she was a pretty girl."

"Yes, to tell you the truth, that was the reason," I agreed, not being minded to lie to him.

"You dare, sir; you dare?"

He looked at me; suddenly, unexpectedly, his face underwent a change, and he was smiling.

"You are exactly like me when I was your age, I declare. I couldn't resist a pretty girl myself."

"You were then young yourself?" said I, rather peevishly.

"You thought I'd been old always, but I was once a lively young fellow, I can tell you," said he, with old age's regret for past pleasures.

"Then you can understand—" said I, as mildly as possible.

"Jack seemed to think you not so bad a fellow," he said, musingly.

"So you will understand," I went on, "why I am here to explain, and to apologize. I hope you may understand, that is—"

"Eh? I think I like it in you myself," said he.

"But after I have apologized to you, I want to explain to the lady in the box with you—to Miss Annabel."

"I'll make her understand," said he; "that's not necessary."

"But I want to say it to Miss Annabel herself," said I; "my principal offence is against her."

I drew nearer, seeing he had changed his opinion of me, and that his rage had spent itself.

"You said you were once young yourself," I insisted; "then you can understand why I want to talk to her about it—to explain, to apologize."

"Oh, well," said he, "I don't know that it will do any hurt for her to see you a few moments." He laughed with docile senility. "Yes, I was once young myself, I tell you—once young myself." And he turned away. "I'll let you see her—for five minutes."

He went in, and presently she entered very slowly, her lips close held. He had left us alone, that considerate old man.

Did she hate me, I wondered. Her face bent before me. She turned away, and then she wheeled about and faced me. "It was atrocious of you."

"Yet you let me see you."

"I think it was impertinent of you to come—before we had been introduced."

"A great admiration sometimes leads to unintentional impertinence," said I.

"I like that," said she.

"And I wanted to explain," I went on. "I must explain to you; I was so rude."

"I think you were," said she.

"And it was so good of you to defend me."

"Did I defend you?"

"Yes—don't you remember?"

"Well, I had to; it really wasn't your fault. It was mine. I felt there was a difference. I thought Jack was improved, as I told you."

"Ah, improved," said I, drawing nearer; "you said that last night."

"Did I? It was strange. Now if you won't tell a soul, I will prove it to you." She was blushing.

"Not a soul." I felt I was getting on with Annabel.

"I intended to accept him last night," said she, softly.

"And you didn't," said I, "you didn't?"

"No, I found I couldn't, after—"

"Ah, after?" said I.

"That little mistake."

"That delightful mistake. It was," said I, "like a blessing."

"I am saying too much," said she, "to you—a stranger. But you don't look like one, you know," she explained.

"I am Jack improved, you yourself said."

"Did I? I had forgotten it," said she, demurely.

"If," said I, "you refused the other Jack, would that apply to your improved one?"

"Isn't this rather sudden," said she, laughing, "for strangers?"

"But we are not strangers, you know." I took her hands in some way. "I've lived thirty years, and I haven't been much in love with woman. But of a day, love has visited me. Ah! don't answer now, dear. You can't, of course. But just let me keep on telling you every day for a year, and then answer me next year —or, make it, say, two months. Now, may I keep on telling you?"

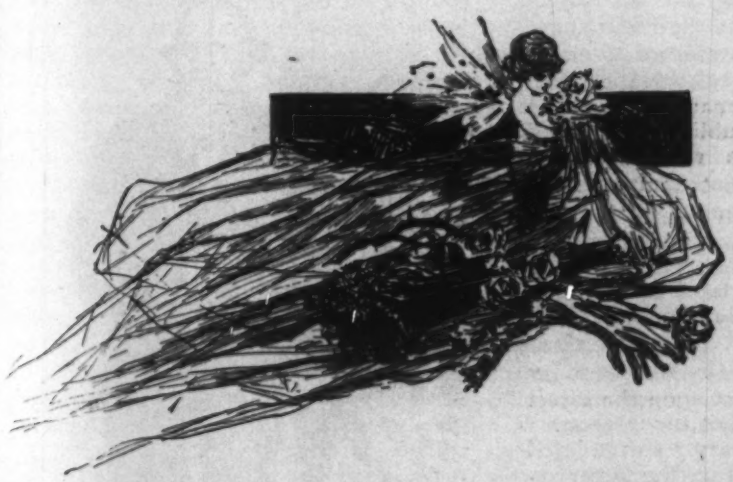
She looked timidly into my eyes, and her face was scarlet again. "If you want to. And—well, I'll make it a month," said Annabel.

III.

"Such," Billie went on, "was the beginning of the end, which itself was only another beginning."

"You sentimental old prater," I cried: yet I added, "I don't know but that I should be as sentimental, if I had your luck."

Now this, as I have said, is the story of one of those bachelors who are always looking about, looking about; but, remember, he only succeeded because she fancied him an improvement on his double. Save this Billie, I myself never met a man with a double, outside of a story or a play.



A NIGHT WITH STANTON IN THE WAR OFFICE.

AN EPISODE OF THE WAR BETWEEN PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND CONGRESS IN 1867.

By General John M. Thayer.

ON the 4th of March, 1865, Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson were inaugurated as President and Vice-President, respectively, of the United States, and thirty-six days later was flashed to the country the exultant news: "The Confederacy is dead! 'Old Glory' floats from the dome of the Confederate capitol at Richmond." The hour for which a loyal people had watched and waited and fought and bled and prayed, had come.

Five days passed, and, lo, another sound was heard: the low wailing of despair from millions of hearts for a murdered President. A triumph, a tragedy, and Andrew Johnson was President of the United States.

After his elevation to the Presidency, Mr. Johnson at first continued to manifest the outspoken hostility to the South which had marked his career before and during the war. His public speeches and private conversations were seasoned with the most vehement denunciations of those who had brought on the war and those who had fought it through. Time and again he declared: "The leaders must take a back seat in the work of reconstruction." "Traitors must be punished." "Treason must be made odious." He even went so far as to propose and insist upon the arrest and trial of General Lee for treason.

When Lee and his army surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, the latter required their sacred pledge that they would never again take up arms against the United States or resist its authority; and Grant, in return, pledged them that, so long as they observed the conditions of their parole inviolate, they should not be molested by the government. These terms were approved by President Lincoln and his cabinet and by the people of the country. When, therefore, President Johnson announced his intention of prosecuting Lee and other Confederate officers for treason, Grant's indignation was aroused, and he protested in strong language against such prosecutions as a violation of the pledge he had given. But President Johnson, with his accustomed obstinacy, persisted. Grant, equally persistent, said to him: "If you interfere with one of those who surrendered to me and has faithfully kept his parole, I will resign my commission in the army, for I would feel myself disgraced in remaining." The President did not dare to break with Grant at that time; so he caused the prosecutions to be dropped.

Less than seven months after Johnson entered the office of Chief Executive, however, an entire and radical change had

EDWIN M. STANTON.

taken place in his views. He was now engaged in hurling the same denunciations against the Republican leaders of the North which he had so recently fired at the leaders of the South. He undertook to provide a reconstruction of the Union on plans of his own conception, and he sought to forestall the action of Congress and to ignore that body entirely. He talked about his policy until the phrase "My policy" became a jest and a by-word.

But Congress refused to be ignored, and being the legislative power of the nation, it assumed its proper functions. Then began a controversy interesting in its principles and issue, but especially interesting in the character of its actors. It was the President of the United States, with all the power and patronage of his office, and all those who followed in his footsteps for the sake of patronage, arrayed on one side, with nearly the whole Republican party in both Houses of Congress and in the Northern States arrayed on the other; and each party was inspired with the fixed purpose of not surrendering any portion of the authority possessed or assumed to be possessed by either.

President Johnson retained Lincoln's cabinet for a time; but the divergence between him and the Republican party became so marked, and, apparently, irreconcilable, that the cabinet divided. Seward, Secretary of State, Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, and Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, sided with the President, and followed his political fortunes. James Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Dennison, Postmaster-General, James Speed, Attorney-General, and Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, utterly refused to sustain or indorse by their presence in the cabinet the new "policy," and all of them resigned their offices except Stanton. He retained his position as Secretary of War at the urgent request of the Republican leaders; for, in view of the violent and belligerent nature of Johnson, and his unwillingness to be deterred by any obstacle from the accomplishment of his purposes, the apprehension existed in the minds of many that he would not hesitate to resort to force to carry his points and thus overawe Congress. Intimations to this effect, indeed, were given out by his supporters, and it became rather common talk. By virtue of his office as President, he was commander-in-chief of the army; and it was deemed best by the Congressional party that Stanton should remain in control of the War Department, where he could be a check upon any effort by the President to employ the army to his own ends. My experience and observations in those troublous times, being then a member of the Senate, led me to believe that, if Andrew Johnson had been a man of more courage than, in fact, he was, and had felt sure of the support of the army, he would have driven the American Congress out of the capitol at the point of the bayonet, as Oliver Cromwell drove the Rump Parliament from Whitehall, or at least would have attempted it.

Matters had reached such a crisis that it was deemed necessary on the part of Congress to adopt such restrictive legislation as would, to some extent, leave the President shorn of his power for mischief. Caution was observed, so as not to impinge upon the rights and prerogatives guaranteed to him by the Constitution; but he was so hedged about and hemmed in that it was difficult for him to turn the powers he did possess to any revolutionary purpose. A law known as the "Tenure of Office Act" was placed upon the statute book, in which it was provided that no officer should be removed and another appointed to his place without the approval of the Senate, if that body was in session. It was further provided that the President might suspend an officer for cause during the recess of the Senate; but that he must report the suspension, with the cause of it, to that body within twenty days after it convened again. If on reassembling the Senate approved the suspension and the new appointment, the old incumbent stood dismissed and the new one confirmed; but if the suspension was disapproved, the temporary appointee was thrown out and the former incumbent restored and left in full possession of the office without any further action.

When this bill was presented to President Johnson for his approval he promptly vetoed it; but Congress as promptly passed it over his veto by a two-thirds vote of both houses, and it became a law. At this, Johnson fretted and chafed like a lion in his cage. He found the great party which had elevated him to power now arrayed in solid phalanx against him. Stanton's presence in cabinet councils and in the War Department now became to him offensive in the extreme.

On the 4th of March, 1867, a new Congress came into being, and was duly organized, the members being sworn in on

that day, instead of waiting till the first Monday in December. Provision had been made for this change by a special statute recently passed, in order that Congress might, if needed, be in continuous session for the two years of its existence and be always ready for any emergency that might arise.

Finding himself completely foiled in his attempts to get rid of Stanton, by the measures which Congress had adopted to prevent the Secretary's removal, President Johnson now resorted to the only power left to him; and in the month of August, 1867, the Senate not being then in session, he suspended Stanton from office, and appointed General Grant as Secretary of War *ad interim*. The latter was utterly averse to taking the office, being in full sympathy with the policy of Congress and disapproving of the course pursued by the President. He was in a delicate and most embarrassing position. As a military officer he was subordinate to the President and must obey his constitutional orders; but he was not compelled to accept the secretaryship, for that was a civil office. He earnestly urged the President not to appoint him. Johnson, however, insisted, and had the appointment announced; and then Grant, reluctant though he was to do so, yielded his assent, but more in obedience to a sense of public duty than to comply with the wishes of his chief. He entertained the hope that he might be able to dissuade the latter from attempting to put in force some of his revolutionary purposes, and it is a matter of history that the influence of Grant while a member of the cabinet did contribute largely towards keeping the President within bounds. He knew he was imperilling his own standing, to some extent, in the estimation of those who had been his fast friends and supporters from 1861, but his sense of duty to his country rose above other considerations.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

When the Senate again convened, and the President reported to it the suspension of Stanton and the appointment of Grant to succeed him, it immediately adopted a resolution disapproving of both acts. This resolution, by virtue of the Tenure of Office Act, reinstated Stanton. As soon as Grant was officially informed of it, he locked the doors of the War Office, handed the key to the Adjutant-General of the Army, and retired to his headquarters as General-in-Chief, having previously notified the President that he could no longer retain the portfolio of war, as it would be in violation of the statutes and would subject him to a fine and imprisonment. Johnson almost begged him to remain, saying that he would himself pay the fine and suffer the imprisonment. But Grant was immovable. Johnson was so desirous to have him remain, in order not only to prevent the reinstatement of Stanton, but also to have it appear to the country that the General-in-Chief of the Army was attached to his political fortunes. Finding he could not prevail upon Grant, he sought with the same tenacity of purpose to induce General Sherman to accept the War Office; but Sherman was no more compliant. In an interview with Sherman, the President said that he would use force to remove Stanton if he could not get him out by any other means.

Matters drifted along for a few days, when one afternoon the report startled the Senate and House, as well as the country, that the President had issued an order absolutely removing Stanton and appointing Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant-General of the Army, to be Secretary of War *ad interim*, and this without the knowledge or consent of the Senate. Four Senators—Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, Anthony of Rhode Island, Ramsay of Minnesota, and myself—were immediately driven to the War Office and called upon Secretary Stanton. All united in urging him in most pressing terms to hold the fort and not surrender under any circumstances. We knew perfectly well where he stood; and we went to see him only in order to give him encouragement and assurance of support.

As we filed out of his office I happened to be the last one leaving. He was holding the door open, and as I passed him, I said, "Mr. Secretary, would you like to have company to-night?" He quickly responded, "Well, Senator, if you feel disposed to stay with me, I shall be very glad to have you." I answered, "I will return at eight o'clock." In the interview, it was understood Stanton would not leave the War building for any purpose while the contest lasted. He was to have his meals sent to him.

We then proceeded across the street to the headquarters of the army and interviewed General Grant, though we were not in doubt as to his position. One of the party alluded to the subject which had brought us to the Secretary's office, and to the prevailing apprehension of trouble impending, when Grant remarked that it was his intention to start for New York that night to remain over Sunday. We requested him not to leave Washington at that time, to which he readily assented and remained at his post. For still further curtailing Johnson's power, it had been provided that all orders and communications emanating from the President and addressed to any officer of the army below the General should be transmitted through the headquarters of the army; and all officers were prohibited from receiving any orders or official communications except through the channel prescribed.

In the evening I repaired to the War Department, and found the office full of Senators and members of the House, and other friends, all counselling Stanton to stand fast. Senator Sumner had previously sent his celebrated laconic message to Stanton, "Stick." By eleven o'clock all had retired, leaving the Secretary and myself alone to keep the vigil of the night in the much sought after, but now almost deserted, Department of War. Stanton fully believed the President would attempt his expulsion by force that night. I did not, however, share this belief: not that the President lacked the disposition; but the courage on his part, and confidence in the troops, were wanting.

A battalion of infantry had been stationed on the lawn on each side of the old War Department building. The main doors were in the centre on each side. The Secretary's office was on the second floor. As I passed in I saw the officer in command of the troops seated at the foot of the stairs, between the outside doors, and spoke with him.

As soon as Stanton and myself were left alone, he asked me if I was acquainted with General Carr, commanding the battalion stationed around the building. I replied that I was very well acquainted with him—that we had commanded divisions in the same corps. He then requested me to talk with General Carr and obtain his views on the question which was uppermost in the minds of all, and ascertain whose authority he would recognize. I called upon General Carr and stated the object of my visit. It was evident at once that in the contest between Congress and the President his sympathies were with the former. He assured me that he regarded Mr. Stanton as the lawful Secretary of War, and he added that he would receive no orders from any source unless they came through the hands of General Grant. When I reported his declarations to the Secretary, the latter was greatly relieved.

We now settled down for the night, and to await events. A little past midnight a card was brought in from Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Church. The Secretary sent for him to come up. The Bishop had left his home in Philadelphia for Raleigh, North Carolina, and had come in by the night train. On his arrival in Washington he found there was an interval of two hours before the train would start South, and availed himself of the interval to visit Mr. Stanton. It was interesting to observe the cordial, cheery greetings extended to each by the other as they met. The Bishop was overflowing with patriotic devotion to the country, and he gave most earnest words of encouragement to the Secretary to hold the fort. Their parting was almost affectionate. Bishop Simpson was one of the fast friends of President Lincoln during the war, and as he was one of the most eminent prelates of that powerful organization, the Methodist Church, he wielded a potent influence in behalf of the government.

There were two lounges in the office, and after the departure of the Bishop, Mr. Stanton and I lay down with the purpose of getting some rest. I do not think Mr. Stanton slept at all. I dropped off into a light sleep broken at intervals. Then I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder, giving a gentle shake. Rousing up, I found it was the Secretary standing before me. He said, "Senator, I believe the troops are coming to put me out." We distinctly heard the tramp of soldiers approaching from the direction of the

White House. Thinking to look at my watch, I found it was just four o'clock. The tramp ceased for a few moments in front of the building, and then passed on. I said it must be the relief changing guards, which turned out to be the case. We were not again disturbed. The night passed uneventfully; but there was great apprehension in the public mind of serious trouble.

On the next day James M. Ashley of Ohio arose in the House of Representatives and, amid a deathlike stillness and with deep solemnity of manner, said, after some preliminary remarks, "I impeach Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, of high crimes and misdemeanors." Articles of impeachment were forthwith prepared and adopted by the House, and a Board of Managers was appointed to prosecute them before the Senate—with the result which everybody knows, namely, a vote within just one of the two-thirds of the Senate necessary, under the Constitution, to convict. The trial, prolonged through months, put an end, for the time being, to all efforts on the part of the President to oust the Secretary of War, though the latter remained in his office nearly two months without once leaving it.

On the day when Johnson appointed Adjutant-General Thomas to be Secretary of War *ad interim*, he directed the latter to demand and take possession of the office. General Thomas, when he started on this mission, requested a young officer on duty in his office, Lieutenant Gage, who had served through the war, to accompany him. Gage was in full accord with the policy of Congress, but could not well decline to go with his chief. He (now General Gage) has been a resident of Nebraska for a long time, and was Adjutant-General of the State till a year or two ago. He was an eye-witness to what transpired between the Secretary and the Adjutant-General, and described the scene to me a few days ago.

General Thomas entered the office and inquired for Mr. Stanton, who was in his private apartment. The messenger took his card in, and Mr. Stanton replied, "Let him come." The messenger then said to him, "Walk in." But as General Thomas opened the door the Secretary immediately confronted him and stayed his further entrance. Standing a moment awaiting an invitation to a seat, which did not come, Thomas offered a paper to the Secretary and was saying: "The President has directed me to take possession of—" when Stanton, with electrical quickness, clapped a hand upon each shoulder of the invader and whirled him around so suddenly that he might have supposed a catapult had struck him; then with a strong push he sent him through the open door. The only words uttered by the Secretary were, "Get out of here." General Thomas did not stand upon the order of his going, but went at once. That was the last effort he made to secure possession of the War Department. He retreated ingloriously to his own office. When the impeachment proceedings ended, Stanton retired, and was succeeded by General Schofield as Secretary.

WHAT WILL TIME GIVE?

By Gertrude Hall.

What will Time give for youth we lose,
For dense, bright hair, and lip of rose,
For flowers wherewith Spring heaps our laps,
For trust in words, and faith in shows,
And all the castle-dreams he saps?

For wealth of hair, and lip of rose,
For faith in promises and shows,
For buds of May heaped in your laps,
What Time will give ye—Ah, who knows?
Patience, perhaps.

HUERFANO BILL, THE BANDIT.

By Cy Warman,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer," etc.

I.

HUERFANO BILL.

THE roar and rumble of distant thunder had been heard in the hills all morning, and along about noon a big black cloud came creeping up over the crest of the continent, listed a little when a peak of one of the hills caught the lower corner, ripped it open, and let the water out. It didn't rain; the water simply fell out of the cloud, and went rushing down the side of the mountain as it rushes off the roof of a house in a hard April shower.

The little fissures were filled first, then the gorges, gullies, and rough ravine; and when these emptied into the countless rills that ran away toward the foot of the range, every rill became a rushing river. Leaves and brush and fallen trees were borne away on the breast of the flood, that grew in volume and increased in speed alarmingly. When all this water came rushing down into the main cañon the song of the stream that rippled there was hushed, the bed of the creek was filled with big boulders that had been rolled down by the flood, and a great river went roaring down toward the plain. Up through this narrow, crooked cañon a narrow-gauge railroad ran to Silver Cliff. Silver Cliff, at one time, had thirty thousand people, then thirty hundred; and now not more than thirty people live there, unless their business compels them to do so. It produced some silver, a sensational murder, one Congressman, and petered out.

When the flood had gone a mile in the main cañon, and picked up eight or ten railroad bridges and all the dead timber in the gulch, it presented a rolling front twenty-five feet high and reached from hill to hill.

Great spruce trees were uprooted; the track, with the cross-ties still hanging to the rails, was ripped up, and the rails, bending like baling wire, wound about the rolling débris and clogged the cañon. Then the welling flood would fill the whole gorge, and roll on with such a mass of bridge timber and fallen trees pushed in front of it that you could see no sign of water as it bore down upon you, but only a tangled mass of rails and ties and twisted trees. A couple of prospectors heard the roar of it, and climbed the cañon wall just in time to save themselves, while the little burros, with their packs on their backs, went down to a watery grave. Next came a long string of freight teams bringing lumber down from a little mountain sawmill. The rattle and noise of the heavy wagons made it impossible for the freighters to hear the roar of the flood, and, as they were coming down the cañon, they had their backs to it; so they were overtaken in a narrow place. Some of them, leaping from their wagons, scrambled up the steep hill out of the way of the water, while others took to the tall trees. But when the flood came, the stoutest trees in the gulch went down like sunflowers in a cyclone's path, and the luckless freighters mingled with the horses and wagons and were washed away.

Fortunately for us, we were an hour late in leaving the Junction that day, and had not yet reached the narrow part of the cañon. The engineer had been watching the black cloud as it came up over the range, and knew we were due to run into a washout at any moment. The very winds that came down the cañon fresh and cool, seemed to have water in them. The three day coaches were filled with a heterogeneous herd pushing to the Cliff, which, like many other camps, was then posing as "a second Leadville." There were preachers and play-actors, miners and merchants, cowboys and confidence men; and here and there, gaunt-faced girls with peach-blow complexions and wonderful, impossible hair, billed for the variety.

Up near the engine the express messenger sat on a little iron safe. Upon either

"AT THE EXIT HIS TRAIL WAS BLOCKED BY ONE OF THE DEPUTIES, AND IMMEDIATELY BOTH MEN OPENED FIRE."

hip he wore a heavy six-shooter, and across his lap lay a Winchester rifle. He was as nearly contented and happy as men may reasonably hope to be on this earth. The refreshing breeze that came to him was sweet with the scent of summer. The hills were green, and his heart was glad. But his heart was not in the hills. That very Sunday morning he had given it into the keeping of the warden's daughter as they walked without the walls of the gray prison down by the Junction. Almost within hearing of the townspeople who passed up and down, to and from the mineral springs that gushed from the rocks at the entrance to the great cañon, he had told her the secret of his heart. The color coming to her face the while she heard the tale told him that she was listening. When they had come to the corner of the wall, one step beyond which would bring them into full view of the warden's residence, he had pressed her for an answer. She could find no voice to answer, but put out her hand as if she would say good-by. He took it, and the touch of it told him all he wished to know. Now he grew so glad, thinking it all over, that he clasped his hands together, as a girl would do; and the rifle, slipping from his lap, shot down into the river that ran beside the track. The door at his back, and next the cañon wall, was closed and barred. The opposite door, overlooking the little river, was thrown wide open, and to the messenger, sitting there, came the splash of water and the smell of pine.

He remembered that the agent, running alongside of his car as he was leaving the Junction, had pointed to the iron safe and said: "Keep your eye on the gun." The little safe held $40,000 in paper, and over in one corner of the car, in an old clay-stained ore sack, was $10,000 in gold.

We were cutting across a little piece of high ground in the bend of the river, when the awful flood burst forth from the narrow cañon just in front of us. The engineer's first thought was to back down and run away from the flood, but the recollection that a double-headed freight train was following us caused him to change his mind. The trainmen hurried the passengers all out, the messenger carried the mail and express matter to a safe place, and everyone gazed in wonderment while the roaring flood went by. The main force of it, following the bed of the creek, hugged the opposite hill, but none of our party was jealous. Broad as the valley was here, it was soon filled, and the water rose high enough to float the rear coach; but the engine, being on higher ground, acted as an anchor and held the train. In less than five minutes the water had swept around and carried away the bridge which we had just crossed, and there we were, on about three hundred yards of track, and nothing before or behind us.

The freight train, having a clear track, backed away to the Junction, told the story of our distress, and at midnight the company's agent came to the top of the cañon with a white light, and in a little while we

were all taken out, and after tramping over a mountain trail for a half-hour, loaded into wagons and hauled back to the Junction.

II.

"LET's have a drink afore we go."

"Nary drink," said the dark man at the head of the table, and one could see at a glance that wherever he sat would be the head of the table. "You promised me up in the gulch that day that you'd never get drunk again, an' I promise you right now, Skinny, that if you do you'll never get sober, for I intend to have you shot while ye're happy."

Nobody replied to this. The man addressed only glanced across the table, and then, dropping his eyes, brushed the ashes from his cigar with the tip of his little finger. The man at the speaker's right smiled quietly over at his *vis-à-vis*, and then there was silence for a moment.

The freighter and the prospector leaning on the bar paid no attention to the four men who sat and smoked at the little pine table in a dark corner of the log saloon. The "Lone Spruce," as the place was called, had done a rushing business in the "boom" days; but Ruby Camp was dying, even as Silver Cliff, Gunnison, and dozens of other camps have died since—as Creede is dying to-day—and business was slow. A drunken Ute reeled in and wanted to play poker, shake dice, or shoot with any dog of a white man in the place. When all the rest had put him aside coldly, he came over to the corner, and the dark man, being deep in thought and not wishing to be disturbed, arose, and picking his way between the two guns which dangled from the hips of the noble red man, kicked him along down the room and out into the night.

Having done his duty in removing the red nuisance—for he hated a drunkard—the dark man bade the barkeeper good-night and passed out by the back door. The three men at the pine table followed him.

All this occurred in the last half of the closing hour of the week. Thirty minutes later, when the four mountaineers rode away from the Black Bear Carrel, it was Sunday; but the people of Ruby Camp took no note of time. When the sun came up on that beautiful Sunday morning it found the dark man and his companions at the top of the range overlooking the wet mountain valley. Before they had reached the foot-hills, the sun caught the two threads of steel that stretched away across the park and disappeared at the entrance of the cañon at the foot of the vale. All night they had ridden single file; but now, as they entered the broad valley, they bunched their horses, and conversed as they went along. The dark man kept his eyes upon a barren peak that stood at the foot of the valley, where the railroad track, gliding smoothly over the mesa, seemed to tumble into the cañon as swift Niagara tumbles over the falls. At that point the little party expected to dismount and take the train for the Cliff. The leader, who was able to read both print and writing, had noticed a paragraph in the Denver "Tribune" to the effect that the new Custer County Bank would open for business at Silver Cliff, July 10. He had been assured by his own banker at Gunnison that the new institution would be perfectly reliable, backed as it was by the First National of Denver. Being a

"THE MADDENED ANIMAL . . . LEAPED OVER A PRECIPICE AND WENT ROLLING DOWN THE SPLINTERED SIDE OF A DEEP GORGE."

man of good judgment, he reasoned that the necessary funds for the new bank would in all probability leave Denver Saturday night, and go up from the Junction by the one daily train on Sunday. That was why he wished to take the train.

When they had crossed the valley and entered the wilderness of pine and cedar, they began to search for a side cañon which would lead them down to the main gulch. Having found a proper ravine, they watered and grassed their horses, and had breakfast.

It was not yet noon, and the train, the dark man made out from the figures upon a time card which he carried, would not leave the Junction until 2 P.M. It would probably be 3 or 3.15 when it passed the mouth of the little rill upon which they were encamped.

Having breakfasted and smoked, the men stretched themselves upon the ground, all save the dark man, and slept like tired children.

The leader, leaning against a moss-covered spruce tree, watched a black storm that was brewing in the hills to the north. Presently he heard a sharp clap of thunder. In a few minutes there came the roaring sound of a waterfall, and the dark man knew that a cloud had given way. But, as the main gulch was between him and the storm, he gave the matter no serious thought.

At last the hour arrived. The four men, leaving their horses, descended to the main gulch, only to find that there was no railroad there. Skinny, still smarting from the effect of the rather severe temperance lecture he had received the evening before, looked at the leader and began to laugh, but the dark man scowled and crushed him. He knew the country, and knew that the road had been there, but was now washed away. A little way up the cañon they came to the torn end of the track, and realized for a surety that no train would come up the gulch that day.

The silent leader made no show of disappointment, but quietly dismissed his men, and watched them ride away toward the sunset, with their broad hats tipped sidewise, and their ever-ready rifles resting across their saddles. For himself, he would have no rifle. "Only a coward or a bungler," he used to say, "will carry a cannon to do the work of a forty-five."

When the others had passed out of sight the dark man reined his own horse down the cañon, intending, since he was so near, to visit his wife at the Junction. The recent washout had left the bed of the gulch almost impassable, and it was not until after midnight that the lone traveller came to the abandoned train, lying, like a living thing that had fallen asleep, on its own trail. Finding the express car locked, he opened one of the doors with the coal pick which he found on the engine. The little iron safe was securely locked. Having removed all the explosives from the car, this experienced mountaineer quietly blew up the safe with a few sticks of dynamite; but there was no money in it. By the light of the engineer's torch he managed to read a letter that had been left there by the messenger, and which was addressed to the express agent. As the explorer finished reading it he gave a low, soft whistle of surprise, not much above a whisper, for he was a quiet, undemonstrative man.

From the car he returned to the engine, and with the clinker-hook fished an old clay-stained ore sack out of the tank. When he had cached the sack in the bed of the river, he hurried away in the direction of the Junction, urging his horse over the rough ground as though he were bent upon a new and important mission.

III.

THERE was great excitement at the Junction when we arrived without the express messenger, who acted as postal clerk as well.

When the local express agent learned that the messenger was not with the rescued party, that the conductor had been unable to find him, and that no one could remember having seen him since we stopped and he was seen heading for high land with his register pouch and some packages of express matter bearing red seals, he began to wire in all directions. In a little while mounted men were dashing out toward the hills so as to be ready to take the trail at dawn. It was plain enough, the agent argued, that the messenger had taken advantage of the circumstances and cleared out with the wealth in his possession. A thousand dollars reward was offered for his capture.

A deputy sheriff made up a posse of four, including himself, and put out for the scene of the robbery. They were among the first to leave town, and as they all knew the country, were soon upon the ground, where the open and empty safe left little to be explained. The safe, they

argued, had been blown up by the messenger for a blind; but they would not be fooled.

The messenger, it would seem, had remained in the vicinity of the washout until the train was abandoned, and then set out upon a long tramp through the trackless hills. He knew the packages that were most valuable, and with these he filled his pockets. The gold he must leave, for the journey would be a tiresome one. The country, which was new to him, was extremely rough. At times he found himself at the bottom of a deep gorge, and again at the top of a steep bluff, and saw before him a black and apparently bottomless abyss. There was no moon, but the friendly stars would guide him. Pike's Peak, standing high against the sky, showed him where the east was, while the Greenhorn range rose rough and abrupt to the west. But when he had been upon his journey less than an hour, a gray cloud hung like a heavy fog on the hills and shut out all the light from the heavens and obscured the earth. Instead of waiting for the mists to clear away, he kept on going, and was soon helplessly lost, so far as any knowledge of the points of the compass was concerned. He might, for what he knew, be headed for the hills, or he might be walking in the direction of the Junction and the State's prison.

"HER HORSE REFUSED TO PASS THE DEAD. IN VAIN SHE URGED, COAXED, AND WHIPPED HIM.

At last, having reached what appeared to be the summit of a little hill, he sat down upon a huge rock to rest. As he sat there he thought he heard a sound like that produced by horses stepping about on a stone floor. Presently the cloud rolled away, and although the valley below was still obscured, the stars were bright above, and the crags of the main range stood out clean-cut against the western sky. Before him he saw Pike's Peak, and knew that a little way below him, hid in the mist, lay the Junction.

The sheriff and his posse, lost in the fog, had halted in a small basin and were waiting for the clouds to clear away. The sheriff insisted that he had heard a man cough, and now the little party were sitting their horses in silence, which was broken only by the nervous tramping of a bronco. "What's that?" asked the sheriff, pointing to the rock above them.

"I should say it was a bear setting on his haunches," said one of the men. "I'll just tap him with a cartridge," he continued; but at that moment one of the horses gave a snort, and instantly the figure of the big messenger rose from the rock and stood out against the dark blue sky. Until now he had been sitting bare-headed, and that gave him the bunchy look of a bear, but when he stood up and clapped his bell-topped cap upon his head, the sheriff recognized him in an instant.

"Let's drop him," said one of the men; "there's a thousand in it, and if he ever leaves that rock, he's gone."

"Hold," said the sheriff; "we must give him a show to surrender."

When the four men had swung their guns into position, the sheriff commanded the messenger to throw up his hands. Instead of obeying, the man turned as if he intended to bolt, and with the first move of his body the four rifles cracked as one gun, and the messenger went down.

Throwing the bridle reins over the necks of the horses, the sheriff's posse dismounted and hurried up the little hill; but when they reached the spot where the messenger had stood, there was no messenger, nor sign of messenger. Anticipating the rain of lead, he had dropped behind the rocks while the bullets passed over his head, and by the time the posse had reached the crest of the hill and recovered from their surprise, he was far up the side of the mountain, hiding among the crags.

"What d'you say now, Cap?" asked the man who had been anxious to earn the reward. "Do we git 'im nex' time, er do we let 'im go?"

"Git 'im," said the sheriff, and the posse returned to their horses.

IV.

THE white cloud rolled down the mountain as the fleece rolls from a sheep that is being shorn, and lay in a tumbled heap at the foot of the range. The gray dawn came out of the east, and revealed the peaks that were hiding high up in heaven's blue. Upon either hand—before and behind him—the messenger, crouching in the crags, heard the clatter of steel-shod feet, and knew that he was being surrounded. Delay was dangerous. The coming of dawn meant death. The whispering winds, hurrying away up the hill, reminded him of the approach of day. His only hope was in reaching a point beyond which the horsemen might not ride, and he hurried on up the narrow gulch. At the exit his trail was blocked by one of the deputies, and immediately both men opened fire. Now for the first time since it shot muzzle first into the river, the messenger thought of his rifle. He was by no means an expert with a six-shooter, but managed to hit the officer's horse with his first bullet; and at the same instant a slug of lead from a Winchester crashed through his left shoulder, leaving it shattered and useless. The deputy's horse, having received a death wound, plunged wildly and made it impossible for the rider to take accurate aim. Dropping his rifle, the officer began to use his revolver; but a chance shot from the messenger's forty-five pierced his heart. Another plunge of the horse hurled him to the ground, his foot caught in the stirrup, and the messenger was horrified to see the crazed bronco bounding away, dragging the deputy, head down, over the jagged rocks. The maddened animal appeared to be blind with rage. He crashed through a low, broad cedar, and a moment later leaped over a precipice and went rolling down the splintered side of a deep gorge; and when the sheriff and his companions came up the gulch they found, where the horse and rider had fallen, one mangled mass of torn and tattered flesh.

"SHE TOOK THE GUN MECHANICALLY AND TURNED TO FACE THE POSSE."

Made desperate by this appalling sight, the three officers were soon hot upon the trail of the fugitive. Finding it impossible to run away from his pursuers, the messenger cached his treasure, took refuge among some sharp rocks, and awaited the coming of the enemy. To his surprise, only two men came out of the gulch; the other, having taken another route in order to head the fugitive off, was now far out of range. The officers had the advantage of being armed with rifles, and to hold this advantage fought at long range. The besieged, being sheltered by the rocks, was able to hold them off until both of his revolvers were empty; but the moment he ceased firing the sheriff and his deputy began to advance. The messenger, weak from his wound, worked nervously with his one useful hand, and had barely succeeded in refilling one of his revolvers when he was surprised by the sound of a gun almost directly behind him and not ten feet away. He turned his revolver upon the new comer, only to find that the man was aiming at the deputies. Without a word he turned again to the work in hand, and at the next crack of the stranger's pistol saw the left arm of the sheriff fall limp at his side, while the Winchester it was levelling fell to the ground. "Now, fight fair," shouted the stranger, advancing.

Following the fearless example of this man, who had so unexpectedly reënforced him, the messenger came from shelter and began to advance upon his assailants. One of the horses was hit by a bullet and became almost unmanageable; so that the sheriff, finding the brunt of the fight upon him-

self, and seeing that the messenger had a confederate, was about to retire, when a badly aimed shot from his companion shattered the ankle of the messenger, causing him to fall. In an instant he rose to his knees, and began again to use his revolver. The sheriff, glancing at his companion, saw that he had been hit in the head, for blood was streaming down his face. The battle had gone against them, and now the wounded sheriff and his bleeding companion turned their horses and galloped away.

The messenger sank to a sitting posture, laid his empty, smoking revolver upon the ground, and gazed at his new-found friend.

"Are you hit?" asked the latter, coming toward the young man, and the messenger made no reply until he had given his hand to the stranger; then he answered simply, "Yes."

The dark man opened the messenger's shirt (and he did it as deliberately as he had kicked the Ute from the Lone Spruce saloon), examined the shattered shoulder, and then the broken ankle, and asked, "Is that all?"

"Yes," said the wounded man; "isn't that enough?"

"Not if they meant to kill you, for they haven't found your vital. What a lot of farmers to go shootin' a man in the foot—guess they wanted you to dance. That top scratch wasn't bad; reckon you must have got that in the previous ingagement, eh? The blood's begun to thicken up. I see that fellow's hoss go over the cliff; gee! he must have fell a mile."

The dark man had risen after examining the messenger's wounds, and when the latter looked up his friend had his own shirt open and was squeezing at a little pink spot just under his right breast.

"My God!" cried the messenger, "are you shot there?"

"Yes—that wasn't a bad shot, only on the wrong side."

"But why don't it bleed?"

"It's bleedin' on the wrong side," was the answer; and then the stranger closed his shirt, looked steadily at his companion, and asked: "Where's your dough?"

"Behind those two rocks that are partly hidden by the boughs of yon cedar—can you bring it to me? There are five pieces."

"Forty thousand, eh?" said the dark man as he dumped the five envelopes beside the messenger, "and it ain't worth the excitement you've gone through; but I like you—there's good stuff in you, boy."

"Half of it ought to be yours, for you saved me and the money too. But who are you, and how did you happen to be here?" asked the messenger eagerly.

"I got your note—the one you left in the safe—"

"But that was for the agent."

"Yes, I know—I opened it by mistake."

"My, but those fellows did fight wicked," the messenger remarked, as he picked up his empty revolver and began to kick the shell out. "Hope that was old Huerfano himself that went over the bluff."

"The devil you do!"

"Say! are you bleeding inside?" asked the messenger, as his companion sank to the ground with the air of a tired man.

"I reckon so. Can you set a hoss?"

"No," said the messenger; "but if you've got a horse, for heaven's sake take this money and go, for those wolves will return, and I'd rather they'd get me without the money than the money without me, or, what is more likely now, both of us and the money too."

The dark man put two fingers to his lips, gave a shrill, wild whistle, and a beautiful horse—black as night—came leaping up from the gulch behind him.

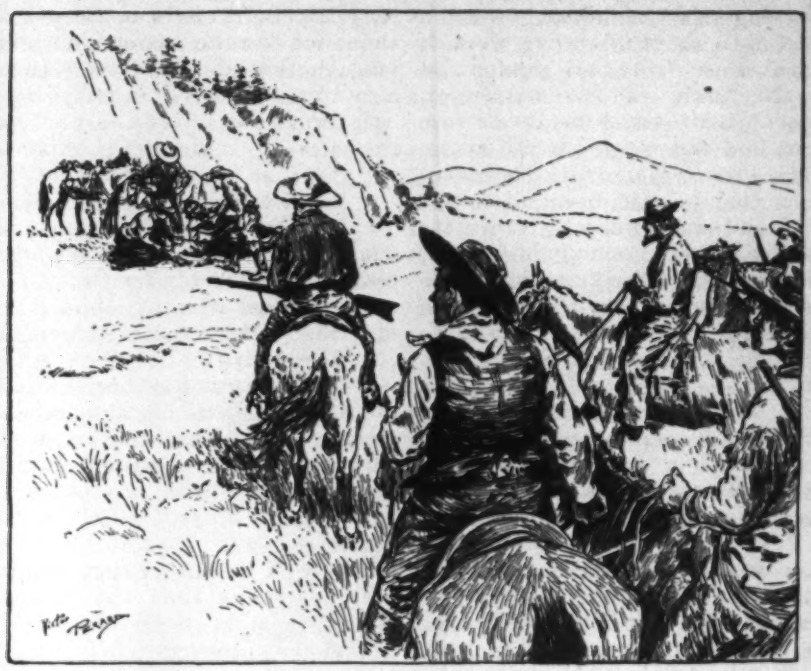
"My! but you're a verdant youth," said the dark man, as the messenger offered him the money, and there was a shade of a smile about his black mustache. "Come, let me help you into the saddle while I've got strength—be quick," and he reached to help the messenger to rise.

"I shall never leave you here alone—"

"I'll be dead in twenty minutes—thirty at the outside; now don't be a fool." And he stooped to lift the big messenger by his wounded leg; but the effort caused him to cough, blood spurted from his mouth, and both men, weak from their wounds, fell down in a heap, and then, leaning on their elbows, they looked at each other, the dark man with a cynical, the messenger with a sort of hysterical smile. The black horse sniffed at his master, and snorted at the smell of blood.

V.

THE warden's dark-eyed daughter was taking her regular morning ride in the foot-hills. There were no daily papers to spread the news of the place, and she had heard nothing of the washout of the previous day and of the flight of the messenger. Yesterday he had made her feel herself the happiest woman in the world.



"'WHERE IS THE MURDERER?' CRIED A NEW COMER, . . . AND THEN CATCHING SIGHT OF THE MESSENGER, HE RAN STRAIGHT TOWARD HIM, HOLDING OUT A COCKED REVOLVER."

She had gone to her bed happy, but had awakened in a dreadful dream, and had been unable to sleep from that hour until morning. Her heart was heavy within her breast. She felt half-inclined to be angry with the spirited horse that was now cantering away with her toward the fresh green hills. At the edge of the valley she met three horsemen riding hard toward the town. Two of the men were wounded —one was bleeding—and she asked what was the matter. The men appeared not to want to stop; but when she had heard, in a confused way, something about the express messenger, she turned and rode by the side of the sheriff until he had told her hurriedly all that had occurred. He made her understand that they had left the fugitive and his confederate at the top of the gulch from which they had just emerged, and that the "thief" was severely wounded.

"He is no thief," she retorted; "there is some mistake."

"Yes," said the sheriff, "we made a mistake in not shooting him down like a dog at first sight; but he'll never leave those hills alive. In an hour the whole town will be after him."

With that the sheriff drove the spurs into his horse and galloped away after his companions.

The dark-eyed woman reined her horse to a stop, and stood looking after the officers. It was some moments before she could realize the awfulness of what she had heard. "In an hour the whole town will be after him;" she repeated what the sheriff had said. The guards at the prison, those who could be spared—even her own father—would be upon his trail to kill him. It must not be. With a prayer upon her lips, the bewildered woman turned her horse and dashed away toward the hills.

From the valley the gulch showed plainly, but when she found herself among the rocks she became confused. The heavy growth of piñon and cedar obscured her view, and for nearly an hour she galloped up and down along the foot-hills unable to find the right pass. Her horse was white with foam. Her veil had been torn away, and her face was bleeding from many wounds inflicted by the stiff branches of the spreading cedars. At times she actually cried out to God to guide her to her lover, whom she believed to be innocent. At last she found the trail made by the sheriff's posse as they came down the gulch, but a moment later her heart sank as she heard the rattle of horsemen behind her. Presently she came to the dead deputy and his horse, but the sight did not appall her. Nothing could stop her now. Even in the presence of these silent wit-

nesses—the horse and rider slain by the messenger—she was able still to believe in his innocence. Such is the capacity of a woman's love. Now a new trouble confronted her. Her horse refused to pass the dead. In vain she urged, coaxed, and whipped him; he would only snort and turn away. Nearer and nearer came the crowd of man-hunters behind her. At last, having given up all hope of getting her horse beyond the ghastly dead, she leaped to the ground and continued on foot. The horse, having been trained to follow her as a faithful dog follows his master, leaped the corpse of his brother, and galloped to his mistress. It required but a moment for her to remount, and when she reached the top of the narrow cañon she turned to look behind her. The little gulch was filled with a stream of horsemen; and at the head of the column rode her father, followed by the mounted guard from the penitentiary. From the mouth of the gulch a straggling and broken line of horsemen reached down to the stage road, and the stage road was lined with wagons and with boys on burros, while out of the town and over the valley men and women swarmed like ants.

"It's awful for you to have to die for me," said the messenger, as the two men leaned upon their elbows and looked at each other. His shirt was pasted to his shoulder. His shoe having filled up, the blood was now oozing out between the lacings.

"It is not awful," said the dark man, rubbing the ends of his fingers over the wound in his breast. "It's a useful ending of a wasted life. I never dreamed that I should die so nearly satisfied. And such sport. Why, that fight between you and the—and Huerfano Bill, as you call him, was the best thing I ever saw. And the last wild plunge of the maddened horse. What a climax! I wonder where the soul plunges to at that last leap? Stuff, there is no soul, and no place to plunge to—I've always said so. And yet," he went on, looking steadily at his companion, "when I was near fainting, a moment ago, I thought the end had come, and instead of darkness there was dawn—an awful dawn—the dawn of a new life, and the glare and uncertainty of it frightened me. I can't remember ever having been frightened before. Did you ever see the sky so blue," he asked, as he leaned against a rock and turned his face toward the heavens, "and the hills so green and the air so fresh, and cool, and sweet?"

And again there was silence, and the wounded man appeared to be trying to listen to the life-blood that was trickling into his lung, and wondering how long it would take it to filter away. The messenger dozed. The black horse bit off a mouthful of bunch grass, and holding it still, raised his head and listened. The men sat up and reached for their arms. The sound of the approaching army came from the cañon.

"They've been reënforced," said the dark man. "But you're all right—I can square you in two minutes—and, as I've got to cash in, anyway, it makes no difference. Look out—there's a woman," he said excitedly, as the warden's daughter emerged from the cañon and galloped toward them.

"Hello, gal!" said the dark man.

"Where is he?" she called.

"Here! here!" cried the messenger from behind the rocks, and a moment later she was bending over him. For a brief moment she suffered him to hold her to his breast, and then, pushing him away, she looked him full in the face, and asked, in a tone that almost froze his blood: "Are you guilty or innocent? Tell me quickly." But the messenger appeared to be utterly unable to answer, or even to comprehend her meaning.

She stood up and glanced toward the cañon.

"He's all right, gal—you've made no mistake," said the stranger.

"He saved my life," said the messenger, pointing to his companion—"why don't you thank him?"

"How can I?" she asked, turning to the stranger and offering the gloved hand.

"Take this package to Mrs. Monaro in the white cottage on the river, down by the smelter—she's my wife; you'll find her; and if you'll take the trouble to be kind to her, I shall die in your debt, and remain so, so long as I'm dead. Now take this gun and protect that boy—they won't fire on you, and I don't care to kill anybody else, now that I'm already overdue in another world."

She took the revolver mechanically, and turned to face the posse, which was at that moment beginning to swarm from the cañon. "Are you mad?" shouted the warden.

"Drop that gun," cried the sheriff, with his left arm in a sling.

The messenger, utterly unable to understand what the row was all about, attempted to rise, and in his excitement

stood on his broken ankle, and the quick pain caused him to fall in a faint.

"Look after the boy," said the dark man, and the warden's daughter dropped the ugly weapon and lifted her lover's head from the ground.

"Drop that gun," repeated the sheriff. A cowboy shied a rope at the dark man, but he dodged it.

"One minute," said he, opening his shirt, and showing his death-wound, "you'll have no trouble arresting me."

"Where's the murderer?" shouted an excited citizen.

"There's the chief," said the dark man, pointing to the wounded sheriff. The sheriff scowled.

"Is the express agent here?" asked the principal speaker, and a fat man with a red face came forward.

"This messenger is innocent. I mean to kill the first man who offers to lay a hand on him; after that, you must protect him. This letter, which I have taken the liberty to open, explains it all. The sack of gold he left in the tank, you'll find where I cached it in the river opposite the engine. The paper, I suppose, is all there by his side. He was afraid of being robbed, and was trying to reach the Junction when he was assaulted by these idiots, whom he mistook for robbers; and how well he fought, his own wounds and the dead man down in the gulch will show you."

The messenger, having regained consciousness, sat up and looked wildly about. The agent, realizing at a glance what an awful mistake had been made, fell upon the bewildered messenger and wept like a woman. Every passing second added to the general confusion and excitement. Cries of "Hang them," "Hang them," came sharp and fast from the rapidly increasing crowd.

The warden, who also understood, lifted his daughter, held her in his arms, and kissed away the tears that were filtering through her smiles.

"I don't believe it," said the sheriff to his companion.

"Because you're a chump," said the dark man.

"What's it all about?" asked the messenger of the agent.

"Where is the murderer?" cried a new comer, a brother of the dead deputy; and then, catching sight of the messenger, he ran straight toward him, holding out a cocked revolver as though it had been a sword with which he intended to run him through. When he was within four or five feet of the wounded man, the dark man struck him a fearful blow with a forty-five. The man went down, the dark man coughed, and a great flood of blood gushed from his mouth; he clutched at his throat, and fell forward upon his face.

When they turned him over he was dead.

"My poor dead friend," the messenger almost moaned, dragging himself toward the prostrate form, "and I don't even know his name."

"I do," said Sheriff Shone, who had just arrived upon the scene, and pushed himself through the crowd. "It's Huerfano Bill, the bandit."

THE LAUREATE OF THE LARGER ENGLAND.

By W. D. Howells.

IF Mr. Rudyard Kipling should remain the chief poet of his race in his time, his primacy would be the most interesting witness of the imperial potentialities of that race in literature. He was not born English, if that means born in England, but the keynote of his latest volume is a patriotism intense beyond anything expressed by other English poets. He is so intense in the English loyalty which always mystifies us poor Americans, that one has a little difficulty in taking him at his word in it. But he is most serious, and in the presence of the fact one cannot help wondering how far the ties of affection, the sentiment of a merely inherited allegiance, can stretch. If we had not snapped them so summarily a century ago should we be glowing and thrilling at the name of England, which now awakens only a cold disgust in us, or at the notion of an anthropomorphic majesty, which only makes us smile? One cannot read "A Song of the English" in Mr. Kipling's new book* without thinking we might, though as it is we read it without a responsive heart-throb, or any feeling but wonder for its beauty and sincerity.

Its patriotism is not love of the little England,

> "Encompassed by the inviolate seas,"

on the west coast of Europe; but of the great England whose far-strewn empire feels its mystical unity in every latitude and longitude of the globe. It has its sublimity, that emotion, and its reason, though we cannot share it; and it is only in asking ourselves why a man of any nation, any race, should so glory in its greatness or even its goodness, when he has the greatness, the goodness of all humanity to glory in, that we are sensible of the limitations of this outborn Englishman. Possibly when we broke with England we broke more irreparably with tradition than we imagined, and liberated ourselves to a patriotism not less large than humanity. Possibly it has been for much more than we knew that we have made a home here for all mankind, and America is yet to make her own home in the heart of every man. At any rate, it seems certain that if we had not taught England that sharp lesson of a hundred years ago in colonial government, there would be no such imperial England as we see to-day, and no such poet of the imperial English race to sing her grandeur as he who holds the first place to-day among English poets.

Upon this hypothesis we may claim Mr. Kipling, whether he likes it or not, as in some sort American. He has, in fact, given us a kind of authority to do so by divining our actual average better than any American I can think of offhand, in this very extraordinary poem, where he supposes the spirit of America to speak at a well-known moment of civic trouble:

AN AMERICAN.

The American Spirit speaks:

If the Led Striker call it a strike,
  Or the papers call it a war,
They know not much what I am like,
  Nor what he is, my Avatar.

Through many roads, by me possessed,
  He shambles forth in cosmic guise;
He is the Jester and the Jest,
  And he the Text himself applies.

The Celt is in his heart and hand,
  The Gaul is in his brain and nerve;
Where, cosmopolitanly planned,
  He guards the Redskin's dry reserve.

His easy unswept hearth he lends
  From Labrador to Guadeloupe;
Till, elbowed out by sloven friends,
  He camps, at sufferance, on the stoop.

Calm-eyed he scoffs at sword and crown,
  Or panic-blinded stabs and slays:
Blatant he bids the world bow down,
  Or cringing begs a crumb of praise;

Or, sombre-drunk, at mine and mart,
  He dubs his dreary brethren Kings.
His hands are black with blood: his heart
  Leaps, as a babe's, at little things.

But, through the shift of mood and mood,
  Mine ancient humour saves him whole—
The cynic devil in his blood
  That bids him mock his hurrying soul;

* The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

That bids him flout the Law he makes,
  That bids him make the Law he flouts,
Till, dazed by many doubts, he wakes
  The drumming guns that—have no doubts ;

That checks him foolish hot and fond,
  That chuckles through his deepest ire,
That gilds the slough of his despond
  But dims the goal of his desire ;

Inopportune, shrill-accented,
  The acrid Asiatic mirth
That leaves him careless 'mid his dead,
  The scandal of the elder earth.

How shall he clear himself, how reach
  Our bar or weighed defence prefer—
A brother hedged with alien speech
  And lacking all interpreter?

Which knowledge vexes him a space ;
  But while reproof around him rings,
He turns a keen untroubled face
  Home, to the instant need of things.

Enslaved, illogical, elate,
  He greets th' embarrassed Gods, nor fears
To shake the iron hand of Fate
  Or match with Destiny for beers.

Lo ! imperturbable he rules,
  Unkempt, disreputable, vast—
And, in the teeth of all the schools,
  I—I shall save him at the last !

The American Spirit speaks here as if with the blended voices of Emerson and Ironquill; and it is from no one essentially alien to us that knowledge of us so subtle can come. I am tempted to call the piece the most important thing, intellectually, in Mr. Kipling's new volume of "The Seven Seas." To me, it gives a sense of his penetration and his grasp that nothing else does, though there are many other things in the book which I like as well and which have the force and charm possible only from the habit of thinking in tones and colors. These things all bear witness to his uncommon quality as a poet, but if it is something more to be a humanist, then the piece I have quoted marks him as a poet with this distinction to his advantage.

Of course the last book of Mr. Kipling does not make the impression of novelty which his earlier verse made. A man can be novel but once, and for the artist in every kind all surprises after the first are to be in the way of greater strength and depth. These are what keep him new; and no mere variety without them can save his novelty from staling. Certain things this poet gave assurance of in the beginning almost in full measure: dramatic instinct, picturesque emotion, and a mighty music as of drums and trumpets. His verse always marched, with the bands playing, and the flags flying; and it marches so still, but not more bravely; that would be difficult. What it could do and does do is to impart the effect of a sort of veteran solidity in its splendors; everything is more perfect; without losing dash or dare, it is steadier and more equal. The years have not passed without enlarging the poet to vaster ranges of feeling, and giving him new light on his own thoughts and experiences. This is all they can do for any of us; when they do it for one of the best of us it is to the common good of all.

In the new Barrack-Room Ballads here, there is, to be sure, nothing with the peculiar thrill of Danny Deever, nothing with the peculiar homesick, heartsick touch of Mandalay, but there are other things as moving and as true, with a plunge of tragedy into depths which were not sounded before, however the surface was troubled. I could allege this or that in proof, but the temper of the whole book is the best proof, and I must let this witness also for something else that I feel strongly in it: the constant individuality, the constant impersonality. No poet has more distinctly made himself felt than this poet who has always merged and hidden himself in his types, his characters. The terms upon which he could do his kind of work at all were purely dramatic. He could never stand for himself alone; he must always stand for some one else too. He must not move us with his melancholy, his rapture, his passion, except as he makes it appear that of another. With all his love of the heroic, he is one of the least romantic of the poets because the least subjective. But when I have said that he is the least subjective, I am in instant doubt of my position, except as it concerns his expression. As concerns his impression, he is one of the most subjective. He has not so much gone out to that imperial England of his as received it into himself, and given it forth again with the color, the stamp of his mind upon it. For the first time in literature that empire is imagined.

It is imagined with pride in "The Song of the English," and with a certain pain and futile appeal in this lovely poem, which I like much better, and find the tenderest and sweetest in the whole book.

THE FLOWERS.

"To our private taste, there is always something a little exotic, almost artificial, in songs which, under an English aspect and dress, are yet so manifestly the product of other skies. They affect us like trans-

lations; the very fauna and flora are alien, remote; the dog's-tooth violet is but an ill substitute for the rathe primrose, nor can we ever believe that the wood-robin sings as sweetly in April as the English thrush."—*The Athenæum.*

Buy my English posies—
Kent and Surrey may,
Violets of the Undercliff
Wet with Channel spray;
Cowslips from a Devon combe,
Midland furze afire—
Buy my English posies,
And I'll sell your hearts' desire!

Buy my English posies!—
You that scorn the may
Won't you greet a friend from home
Half the world away?
Green against the draggled drift,
Faint and frail and first—
Buy my Northern blood-root
And I'll know where you were nursed!
Robin down the logging-road whistles, "Come to me,"
Spring has found the maple grove, the sap is running free;
All the winds o' Canada call the ploughing-rain.
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

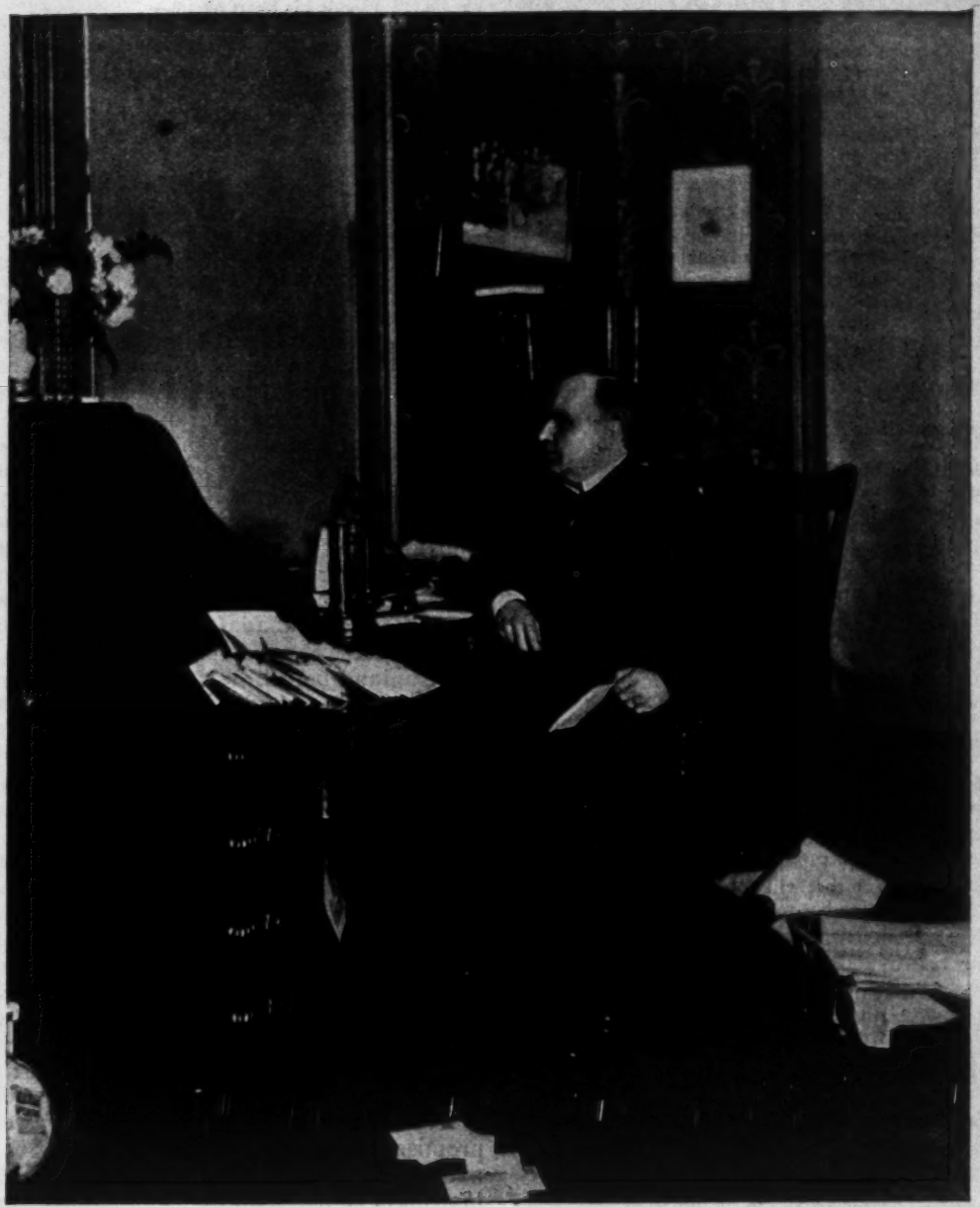
Buy my English posies!—
Here's to match your need.
Buy a tuft of royal heath,
Buy a bunch of weed
White as sand of Muysenberg
Spun before the gale—
Buy my heath and lilies
And I'll tell you whence you hail!
Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie—
Throned and thorned the aching berg props the speckless sky;
Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tilted wain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—
You that will not turn,
Buy my hot-wood clematis,
Buy a frond o' fern
Gathered where the Erskine leaps
Down the road to Lorne—
Buy my Christmas creeper
And I'll say where you were born!
West away from Melbourne dust holidays begin—
They that mock at Paradise woo at Cora Lynn—
Through the great South Otway gums sings the great South Main—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—
Here's your choice unsold!
Buy a blood-red myrtle-bloom,
Buy the kowhai's gold
Flung for gift on Taupo's face
Sign that spring is come—
Buy my clinging myrtle
And I'll give you back your home!
Broom behind the windy town; pollen o' the pine—
Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the *ratas* twine—
Fern above the saddle-bow, flax upon the plain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

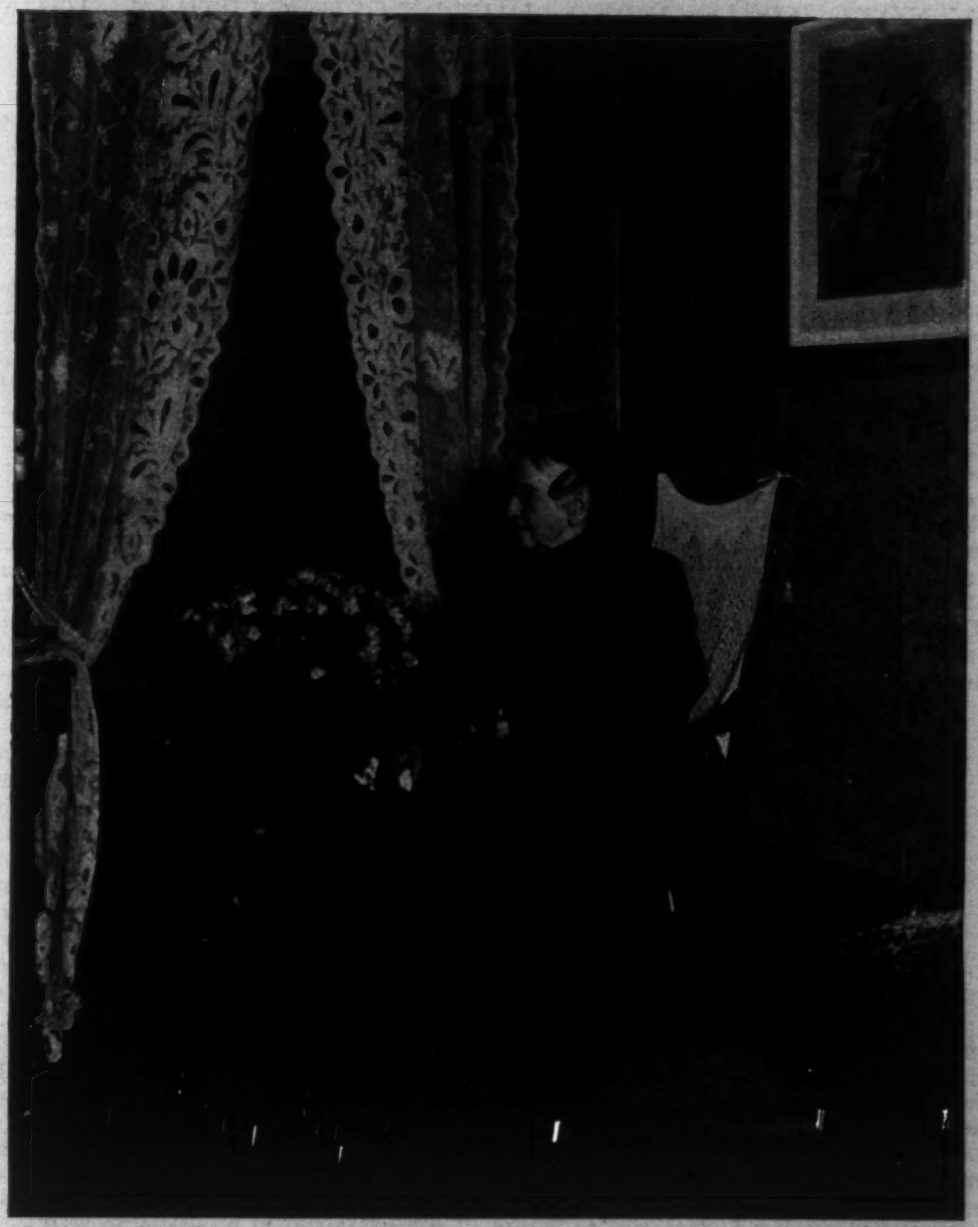
Buy my English posies!—
Ye that have your own
Buy them for a brother's sake
Overseas, alone.
Weed ye trample underfoot
Floods his heart abrim—
Bird ye never heeded,
Oh, she calls his dead to him!
Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas.
Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these!
Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land—
Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand!

I think the appeal, here, is futile, because it is from the ardor of the younger world to the indifference of the elder, which must grow more and more with age. It is in the nature of exile to turn with unforgetting fondness to home, but the home soon forgets the exile, or if it does not forget, cannot care for him. The inviolate seas that keep the insular England safe cannot keep her alive to the love that glows for her in the far-off lands they sever from her; and it appears to those who are politically of neither the larger nor the lesser England that if ever her mighty empire is to perish, it will die first at the heart. Canada will not grow cold first, nor Africa, nor Australasia, nor India, but England herself. It has happened so with all empires; and it is not material that empires should survive, the English more than the Roman. But it is very material that what is good in English feeling and English thinking should still inherit the earth; that is far better than English fighting or English ruling; and I do not know anything more significant of what may be hereafter than the fact that the English poet who continues the great tradition of English poetry most conspicuously should not be English born, should not have been reared under English skies, or islanded by English seas. I do not forget the beautiful, the exquisite verse of William Watson when I praise that of Rudyard Kipling; but it seems to me I am sensible of a vaster promise, a more assured future in his work; and there is no one else to name with him. He is, by virtue of his great gift, the laureate of that larger England whose wreath it is not for any prime minister to bestow; but wherever the English tongue is written or spoken, those who are native to it may claim a share in his recognition. He stands for the empire of that language which grows more and more the only English empire which has a common history and a common destiny.



WILLIAM McKINLEY: TO BE INAUGURATED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES MARCH 4, 1897.

From a photograph taken by Leo D. Weil, Chicago, and copyrighted by him, 1896. William McKinley is now just fifty-four years old, having been born January 29, 1843, at Niles, Ohio. He served in the Civil War, attaining the rank of major, and at the close of the war entered the profession of the law. From 1877 to 1891 he was a Republican representative in Congress from Ohio. He was elected Governor of Ohio by the Republicans in 1891, and reëlected in 1893. In November, 1896, he was elected President of the United States.



NANCY ALLISON McKINLEY, MOTHER OF THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WILLIAM McKINLEY.

From a photograph taken by Leo D. Weil, Chicago, and copyrighted by him, 1896. Mrs. McKinley is now about eighty-eight years old.

A NOTE ON SKIPPER IRESON BY CAPTAIN JOHN CODMAN.

IN the January number of this magazine, Rudyard Kipling gives us the true story of "Flood Ireson." It is concisely as I had heard it from an old Marblehead mate long before Whittier's poem was published. The poet had probably not come to the knowledge of anything but the old version which he put into rhyme. That story was that Skipper Ireson was returning from the Banks with a full fare when he passed a capsized schooner with the crew clinging to her bottom, and inhumanly left them to their fate. They were, however, afterwards taken off by another vessel, and on their arrival in port reported the incident, and then Ireson's indignant fellow-townsmen tarred and feathered him, and put him on a rail stretched fore and aft in a dory that was mounted on wheels. The women dragged him through the streets and over to Salem while he was made to sing this dialect song:

Oi, Flood Oierson, for tellin' a loi
Was torred and feathered above my oi.

Oi, Flood Oierson, for leavin' a wrack
Was torred and feathered all over my back.

Oi, Flood Oierson, for my hord hort
Was torred and feathered and cor'd in a cort.

Oi, Flood Oierson, in all my glory,
Was torred and feathered and cor'd in a dory.

Bearing in mind the story of my old mate, when the poem appeared I went down to Marblehead and called upon Captain Sam Fabens, who is still living there, and got from him and other old inhabitants, somewhat more fully, the story as related by Kipling. They said it was all true about the tarring and feathering and the song, but that the women took no part in the outrage. The truth was, they said, that Ireson desired to take off the shipwrecked crew, but that his men, who were sailing on shares, were in a hurry to get into port and to forestall the market. When the shipwrecked crew afterwards arrived and told the tale of their being deserted, Ireson's crew laid it to his charge, and as there was the testimony of a dozen to one, they were believed with the readiness that sailors' evidence is often credited in the courts. A notable instance of this has lately transpired in the case of the "Herbert Fuller." From the day of his cruel persecution poor Ireson was hated and despised in Marblehead, deprived of his position, and forced to eke out a scanty living by fishing in a small boat and digging clams till the time of his death. It was after that, and when it was too late to be of service to him, that the conscience-stricken sailors, as their own end drew nigh, made confessions that completely exonerated him. The Rev. Mr. Brooks (if I remember his name aright) of the town made researches similar to mine, and gave them to the public. The Rev. Dr. Chadwick of Brooklyn, a Marblehead man himself, also corroborated him. I am not sure whether one or both of them called Mr. Whittier's attention to the matter. I addressed him a letter begging him either to exclude the poem from the future editions of his works, or to append a note of explanation to it. I sincerely hope that he did not get the letter. At any rate, no attention was paid to it. As Kipling says, "'twas the only time Whittier ever slipped up, and 'tweren't fair." I am mindful of the maxim, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" But Whittier should have been mindful of it, too. It is not too late to make the correction. His works will be published and republished for generations yet to come, and I cannot but think it the duty of the publishers to satisfy themselves of the error into which the poet has fallen, and in justice to his memory, as well as to that of Skipper Ireson, in their future editions to add a few lines of truthful prose to the imaginary tale he has so dramatically set forth.

JOHN CODMAN.

AN UNPUBLISHED LIFE PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN, 1778. AGE 72.

Modelled by Jean Baptiste Nini, in France, 1778. Diameter, 6¼ inches. From the original terra cotta in the Huntington Collection, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

AN UNPUBLISHED LIFE PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN.

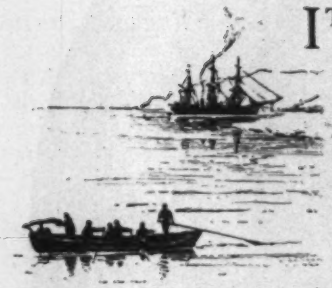
IN McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for January will be found a reproduction of Nini's well-known terra cotta medallion of Franklin, with the fur cap. The note chronicles that "Nini is said to have modelled another medallion of Franklin, without the cap." A recent search through the invaluable collection of Franklin pictorial memorials, gathered in France by the late W. H. Huntington and by him presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has revealed this hitherto unknown capless terra cotta by Nini, now for the first time reproduced, through the courtesy of the museum authorities, who have had it specially photographed for this magazine. Beneath the bust is the incised signature, "I. B. Nini, f. 1778." Upon this medallion we find the first use of the famous inscription to Franklin, "*He snatched the thunderbolt from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants.*" The origin of this legend has been discussed from time to time, and generally ascribed to some classic writer of antiquity. But there seems to be no question that we owe it to the elegant pen of Turgot, who wrote it for an "*Inscription for a Portrait of Benjamin Franklin.*" And there is as little doubt that it was composed especially for this beautiful and rare terra cotta, now first identified as the medium for its publication.

CHARLES HENRY HART.

LIFE ON A GREENLAND WHALER.

A RECORD OF PERSONAL ADVENTURES IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

By A. Conan Doyle.



IT has been my good fortune to have an experience of a life which is already extinct; for although whaleships, both English and American, still go to Davis Strait, the Greenland fishing—that is, the fishing in the waters between Greenland and Spitzbergen—has been attended with such ill-fortune during the last ten years that it has now been abandoned. The "Hope" and the "Eclipse," both of Peterhead, were the last two vessels which clung to an industry which was once so flourishing that it could support a fleet of a hundred sail; and it was in the "Hope," under the command of the well-known whaler, John Gray, that I paid a seven months' visit to the Arctic seas in the year 1880. I went in the capacity of surgeon; but as I was only twenty years of age when I started, and as my knowledge of medicine was that of an average third year's student, I have often thought that it was as well that there was no very serious call upon my services.

It came about in this way. One raw afternoon in Edinburgh, whilst I was sitting reading hard for one of those examinations which blight the life of a medical student, there entered to me a fellow-student with whom I had some slight acquaintance. The monstrous question which he asked drove all thought of my studies out of my head.

"Would you care," said he, "to start next week for a whaling cruise? You'll be surgeon, two pound ten a month and three shillings a tun oil money."

"How do you know I'll get the berth?" was my natural question.

"Because I have it myself. I find at this last moment that I can't go, and I want to get a man to take my place."

"How about an Arctic kit?"

"You can have mine."

In an instant the thing was settled, and within a few minutes the current of my life had been deflected into a new channel.

In little more than a week I was in Peterhead, and busily engaged, with the help of the steward, in packing away my scanty belongings in the locker beneath my bunk on the good ship "Hope." And this, my first appearance aboard the ship, was marked by an absurd incident. In my student days boxing was a favorite amusement of mine, for I had found that when reading hard one can compress more exercise into a short time in this way than in any other. Among my belongings, therefore, were two pairs of battered and discolored gloves. Now it chanced that the steward was a bit of a fighting man; so when my unpacking was finished he, of his own accord, picked up the gloves and proposed that we should then and there have a bout. I don't know whether Jack Lamb still lives—but if he does, I am sure that he remembers the incident. I can see him now, blue-eyed, yellow-bearded, short, but deep-chested, with the bandy legs of a very muscular man. Our contest was an unfair one, for he was several inches shorter in the reach than I, and knew nothing about sparring, although I have no doubt he was a formidable person in a street row. I kept propping him off as he rushed at me, and, at last, finding that he was determined to bore his way in, I had to hit him out with some severity. An hour or so afterwards, as I sat reading in the saloon, there was a murmur in the mate's berth, which was next door, and suddenly I heard the steward say, in loud tones of conviction: "So help me, Colin, he's the best surrr-geon we've had! He's blackened my e'e!" It was the first (and very nearly the last) testimonial that I ever received to my professional abilities.

He was a good fellow, the steward, and as I look back at that long voyage, during which, for seven months, we never set our feet upon land, his kindly, open face is one of those of which I like to think.

Capt. D. Gray. Dr. Conan Doyle. G. Walker. Dr. Neal.
Mr. Leigh Smith. Capt. John Gray.

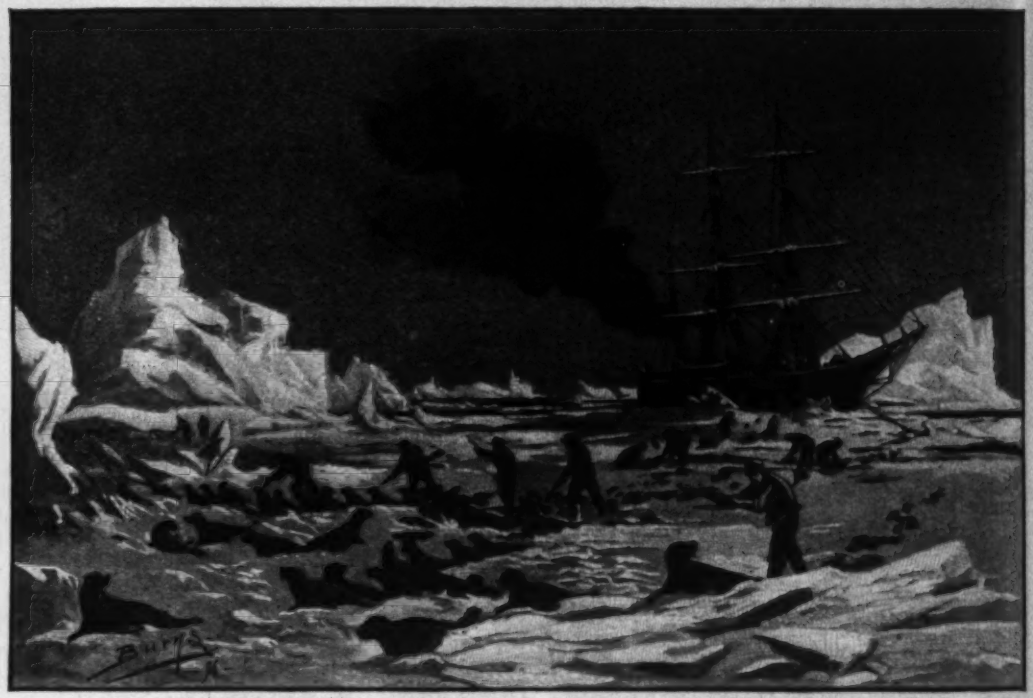
A GROUP ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF MR. LEIGH SMITH'S YACHT "KIRA," GREENLAND.

From a photograph taken by W. J. A. Grant, Esq., and kindly loaned by him for reproduction.

He had a very beautiful and sympathetic tenor voice, and many an hour have I listened to it with its accompaniment of rattling plates and jingling knives as he cleaned up the dishes in his pantry. He knew a great store of pathetic and sentimental songs, and it is only when you have not seen a woman's face for six months that you realize what sentiment means. When Jack trilled out "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," or "Wait for Me at Heaven's Gate, Sweet Belle Mahone," he filled us all with a vague, sweet discontent, which comes back to me now as I think of it. As to his boxing, he practised with me every day, and became a formidable opponent—especially when there was a sea on, when, with his more experienced sea-legs, he could come charging down with the heel of the ship. He was a baker by trade, and I daresay Greenland is as much a dream to him now as it is to me.

There was one curious thing about the manning of the "Hope." The man who signed on as first mate was a little, decrepit, broken fellow, absolutely incapable of performing the duties. The cook's assistant, on the other hand, was a giant of a man, red-bearded, bronzed, with huge limbs, and a voice of thunder. But the moment that the ship cleared the harbor the little, decrepit mate disappeared into the cook's galley, and acted as scullery-boy for the voyage, while the mighty scullery-boy walked aft and became chief mate. The fact was, that the one had the certificate but was past sailoring, while the other could neither read nor write but was as fine a seaman as ever lived; so, by an agreement to which everybody concerned was party, they swapped their berths when they were at sea.

Colin McLean, with his six foot of stature, his erect, stalwart figure, and his fierce, red beard, pouring out from between the flaps of his sealing-cap, was an officer by natural selection, which is a higher title than that of a Board of Trade certificate. His only fault was that he was a very hot-



"THE SHIP'S COMPANY TOOK TO THE ICE, AND BEGAN TO GATHER IN ITS MURDEROUS HARVEST."

blooded man and that a little would excite him to a frenzy. I have a vivid recollection of an evening which I spent in dragging him off from the steward, who had imprudently made some criticism upon his way of attacking a whale which had escaped. Both men had had some rum, which had made the one argumentative and the other violent, and as we were all three seated in a space of about seven by four, it took some hard work to prevent bloodshed. Every now and then, just as I thought all danger was past, the steward would begin again with his fatuous "No offence, Colin, but all I says is that if you had been a bit quicker on the fush—" I don't know how often this sentence was begun, but never once was it ended, for at the word "fush" Colin always seized him by the throat, and I Colin round the waist, and we struggled until we were all panting and exhausted. Then, when the steward had recovered a little breath, he would start that miserable sentence once more, and the "fush" would be the signal for another encounter. I really believe that if I had not been there the mate would have killed him, for he was quite the angriest man that I have ever seen.

There were fifty men upon our whaler, of whom half were Scotchmen and half Shetlanders, whom we picked up at Lerwick as we passed. The Shetlanders were the steadier and more tractable, quiet, decent, and soft-spoken; while the Scotch seamen were more likely to give trouble, but also more virile and of stronger character. The officers and harpooners were all Scotch, but as ordinary seamen, and especially as boatmen, the Shetlanders were as good as could be wished.

There was only one man on board who belonged neither to Scotland nor to Shetland, and he was the mystery of the ship. He was a tall, swarthy, dark-eyed man, with blue-black hair and beard, singularly handsome features, and a curious reckless sling of his shoulders when he walked. It was rumored that he came from the South of England, and that he had fled thence to avoid the law. He made friends with no one, and spoke very seldom, but he was one of the smartest seamen in the ship. I could believe from his appearance that his temper was Satanic, and that the crime for which he was hiding may have been a bloody one. Only once he gave us a glimpse of his hidden fires. The cook—a very burly, powerful man—the little mate was only assistant—had a private store of rum, and treated himself so liberally to it that for three successive days the dinner of the crew was ruined. On the third day

our silent outlaw approached the cook with a brass saucepan in his hand. He said nothing, but he struck the man such a frightful blow that his head flew through the bottom, and the sides of the pan were left dangling round his neck. The half-drunken and half-stunned cook talked of fighting, but he was soon made to feel that the sympathy of the ship was against him, so he reeled back grumbling to his duties, while the avenger relapsed into his usual moody indifference. We heard no further complaints about the cooking.

There are eight boats on board a whaler, but it is usual to send out only seven, for it takes six men each to man them, so that, when the seven are out, no one is left on board except the so-called "idlers," who have not signed to do seaman's work at all. It happened, however, that on board the "Hope" the "idlers" were an exceptionally active and energetic lot, so we volunteered to man the eighth boat, and we made it, in our own estimation at least, one of the most efficient both in sealing and in whaling. The steward, the second engineer, the donkey-engine man, and I pulled the oars, with a red-headed Highlander for harpooner, and the handsome outlaw to steer. Our tally of seals stood as high as any; and in whaling we were once the harpooning and once the lancing boat, so our record was an excellent one. So congenial was the work to me that Captain Gray was good enough to offer to make me harpooner as well as surgeon if I would come with him upon a second voyage, with power to draw the double pay. It is as well that I refused, for the life is such a fascinating one that I could imagine that a man would find it more and more difficult to give it up. Most of the crew are never called upon to do so, for they spend their whole lives in the same trade. There were men on board the "Hope" who had never seen corn growing, for from their boyhood they had always started for the whaling in March and returned in September.

One of the charms of the work is the gambling element which is inherent in it. Every man shares in the profit—so much for the captain, so much for the mate, so much for the seaman. If the voyage is successful, every one is rich until another spring comes round. If the ship comes home clean, it means a starvation winter for all hands. The men do not need to be told to be keen. The shout from the crow's-nest which tells of the presence of a whale, and the rattle of the falls as the boats are cleared away, blend into one sound. The watch below rush up from their bunks with their clothes over their arms and spring into the boats in that Arctic air, waiting for a chance later for

"SIX STROKES, PERHAPS, AND THEN WITH A DULL, GREASY SQUELCH THE BOWS RUN UPON SOMETHING SOFT, AND YOU AND YOUR OARS ARE SENT FLYING IN EVERY DIRECTION."

finishing their toilet. Woe betide the harpooner or the boat-steerer who by any clumsiness has missed a fish! He has taken a five-pound note out of the pocket of every meanest hand upon the ship. Black is his welcome when he returns to his fellows.

What surprised me most in the Arctic regions was the rapidity with which you reach them. I had never realized that they lie at our very doors. I think that we were only four days out from Shetland when we were among the drift ice. I awoke of a morning to hear the bump, bump of the floating pieces against the side of the ship, and I went on deck to see the whole sea covered with them to the horizon. They were none of them large,

"THE BOWS OF THE BOAT SPLASH DOWN INTO THE WATER AGAIN, BUT THERE IS THE LITTLE RED JACK FLYING FROM THE CENTRE THWART TO SHOW THAT YOU ARE FAST."

but they lay so thick that a man might travel far by springing from one to the other. Their dazzling whiteness made the sea seem bluer by contrast, and with a blue sky above and that glorious Arctic air in one's nostrils, it was a morning to remember. Once on one of the swaying, rocking pieces we saw a huge seal, sleek, sleepy, and imperturbable, looking up with the utmost assurance at the ship as if it knew that the close time had still three weeks to run. Farther on we saw on the ice the long human-like prints of a bear. All this with the snowdrops of Scotland still fresh in our glasses in the cabin.

I have spoken about the close time, and I may explain that, by an agreement between the Norwegian and the British governments, the subjects of both nations are forbidden to kill a seal before the 3d of April. The reason for this is that the breeding season is in March, and if the mothers should be killed before the young are able to take care of themselves the race would soon become extinct. For breeding purposes, the seals all come together at a variable spot, which is evidently prearranged among them, and as this place may be anywhere within many hundreds of square miles of floating ice, it is no easy matter for the fisher to find it. The means by which he sets about it are simple but ingenious. As the ship makes its way through the loose ice-streams, a school of seals is observed travelling through the water. Their direction is carefully taken by compass, and marked upon the chart. An hour afterwards, perhaps, another school is seen. This is also marked. When these bearings have been taken several times the various lines upon the chart are prolonged until they intersect. At this point, or near it, it is likely that the main pack of the seals will be found.

When you come upon it, it is a wonderful sight. I suppose it is the largest assembly of creatures upon the face of the world—and this upon the open ice-fields hundreds of miles from Greenland coast. Somewhere between seventy-one and sev-

enty-five degrees is the rendezvous, and the longitude is even vaguer; but the seals have no difficulty in finding the address. From the crow's-nest at the top of the mainmast, one can see no end of them. On the farthest visible ice one can still see that sprinkling of pepper grains. And the young lie everywhere also, snow-white slugs, with a little black nose, and large dark eyes. Their half-human cries fill the air; and when you are sitting in the cabin of a ship which is in the heart of the seal pack, you would think you were next door to a monstrous nursery.

The "Hope" was one of the first to find the seal pack that year, but before the day came when hunting was allowed we had a succession of strong gales, followed by a severe roll, which tilted the floating ice and launched the young seals prematurely into the water. And so, when the law at last allowed us to begin work, nature had left us with very little work to do. However, at dawn upon the third, the ship's company took to the ice, and began to gather in its murderous harvest. It is brutal work, though not more brutal than that which goes on to supply every dinner-table in the country. And yet those glaring crimson pools upon the dazzling white of the ice-fields, under the peaceful silence of a blue Arctic sky, did seem a horrible intrusion. But an inexorable demand creates an inexorable supply, and the seals, by their death, help to give a living to the long line of seamen, dockers, tanners, curers, triers, chandlers, leather merchants, and oil-sellers who stand between this annual butchery, on the one hand, and the exquisite, with his soft leather boots, or the savant, using a delicate oil for his philosophical instruments, upon the other.

I have cause to remember that first day of sealing on account of the adventures which befell me. I have said that a strong swell had arisen, and as this was dashing the floating ice together the captain thought it dangerous for an inexperienced man to venture upon it. And so, just as I was clambering over the bulwarks with the rest, he ordered me back and told me to remain on board. My remonstrances were useless, and, at last, in the blackest of tempers, I seated myself upon the top of the bulwarks, with my feet dangling over the outer side, and there I nursed my wrath, swinging up and down with the roll of the ship. It chanced, however, that I was really seated upon a thin sheet of ice which had formed upon the wood, and so when the swell threw her over to a particularly acute angle, I shot off and vanished into the sea between two ice-blocks. As I

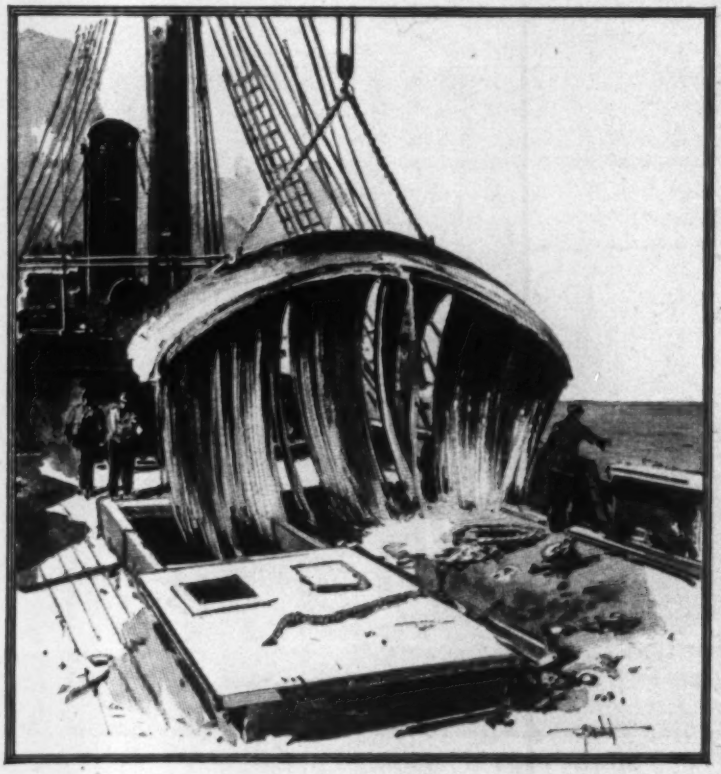
SKINNING A BEAR ON THE ICE.

From a photograph taken by W. J. A. Grant, Esq., and kindly loaned by him for reproduction.

rose, I clawed on to one of these, and soon scrambled on board again. The accident brought about what I wished, however, for the captain remarked that as I was bound to fall into the ocean in any case, I might just as well be on the ice as on the ship. I justified his original caution by falling in twice again during the day, and I finished it ignominiously by having to take to my bed while all my clothes were drying in the engine-room. I was consoled for my misfortunes by finding that they amused the captain to such an extent that they drove the ill-success of our sealing out of his head, and I had to answer to the name of "the great northern diver" for a long time thereafter. I had a narrow escape once through stepping backwards over the edge of a piece of floating ice while I was engaged in skinning a seal. I had wandered away from the others, and no one saw my misfortune. The face of the ice was so even that I had no purchase by which to pull myself up, and my body was rapidly becoming numb in the freezing water. At last, however, I caught hold of the hind flipper of the dead seal, and there was a kind of nightmare tug-of-war, the question being whether I should pull the seal off or pull myself on. At last, however, I got my knee over the edge, and rolled on to it. I remember that my clothes were as hard as a suit of armor by the time I reached the ship, and that I had to thaw my crackling garments before I could change them.

This April sealing is directed against the mothers and young. Then, in May, the sealer goes farther north; and about latitude seventy-seven or seventy-eight degrees he comes upon the old male seals, who are by no means such easy victims. They are wary creatures, and it takes good long-range shooting to bag them. Then, in June, the sealing is over, and the ship bears away farther north still, until in the seventy-ninth or eightieth degree she is in the best Greenland whaling latitudes. There she remains for three months or so, and if she is fortunate she may bring back 300 or 400 per cent. to her owners, and a nice little purseful for every man of her ship's company. Or if her profits be more modest, she has at least afforded such sport that every other sport is dwarfed by the comparison.

It is seldom that one meets anyone who understands the value of a Greenland whale. A well-boned and large one as she floats is worth to-day something between two and three thousand pounds. This huge price is due to the value of whalebone, which is a very rare commodity, and yet is absolutely essential for some trade purposes. The price tends to rise steadily, for the number of the creatures is diminishing. In 1880, Captain Gray calculated that there were probably not more than 300 of them left alive in the whole expanse of the Greenland seas, an area of thousands of square miles. How few there are is shown by the fact that he recognized individuals amongst those which we chased. There was one with a curious wart about the size of a beehive upon his tail, which he had remembered chasing when he



A BIT OF WHALEBONE.

TAKING A SHOT AT A WHALE FROM THE DECK OF THE YACHT "EIRA."

From a photograph taken by W. J. A. Grant, Esq., and kindly loaned by him for reproduction.

was a lad on his father's ship. Perhaps other generations of whalers may follow that warty tail, for the whale is a very long-lived creature. How long they live has never been ascertained; but in the days when it was customary to stamp harpoons with the names of vessels, old harpoons have been cut out of whales bearing names long forgotten in the trade, and all the evidence goes to prove that a century is well within their powers.

It is exciting work pulling on to a whale. Your own back is turned to him, and all you know about him is what you read upon the face of the boat-steerer. He is staring out over your head, watching the creature as it swims slowly through the water, raising his hand now and again as a signal to stop rowing when he sees that the eye is coming round, and then resuming the stealthy approach when the whale is end on. There are so many floating pieces of ice, that as long as the oars are quiet the boat alone will not cause the creature to dive. So you creep slowly up, and at last you are so near that the boat-steerer knows that you can get there before the creature has time to dive—for it takes some little time to get that huge body into motion. You see a sudden gleam in his eyes, and a flush in his cheeks, and it's "Give way, boys! Give way, all! Hard!" Click goes the trigger of the big harpoon gun, and the foam flies from your oars. Six strokes, perhaps, and then with a dull, greasy squelch the bows run upon something soft, and you and your oars are sent flying in every direction. But little you care for that, for as you touched the whale you have heard the crash of the gun, and know that the harpoon has been fired point blank into the huge, lead-colored curve of its side. The creature sinks like a stone, the bows of the boat splash down into the water again, but there is the little red Jack flying from the centre thwart to show that you are fast, and there is the line whizzing swiftly under the seats and over the bows between your outstretched feet.

And there is the one element of danger—for it is rarely indeed that the whale has spirit enough to turn upon its enemies. The line is very carefully coiled by a special man named the line-coiler, and it is warranted not to kink. If it should happen to do so, however, and if the loop catches the limbs of any one of the boat's crew, that man goes to his death so rapidly that his comrades hardly know that he has gone. It is a waste of fish to cut the line, for the victim is already hundreds of fathoms deep.

"Haud your hand, mon," cried the harpooner, as a seaman raised his knife on such an occasion, "the fush will be a fine thing for the widdey." It sounds callous, but there was philosophy at the base of it.

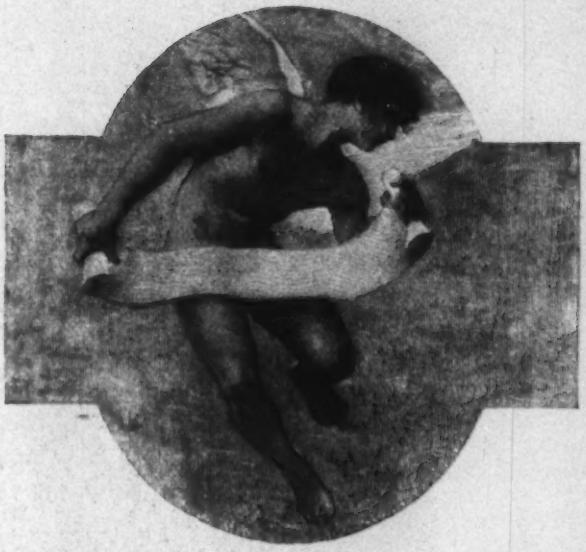
This is the harpooning, and that boat has no more to do. But the lancing, when the weary fish is killed with the cold steel, is a more exciting because it is a more prolonged experience. You may be for half an hour so near to the creature that you can lay your hand upon its slimy side. The whale appears to have but little sensibility to pain, for it never winces when the long lances are passed through its body. But its instinct urges it to get its tail to work on the boats, and yours urges you to keep poling and boat-hooking along its side, so as to retain your safe position near its shoulder. Even there, however, we found upon this occasion that we were not quite out of danger's way, for the creature in its flurry raised its huge side flapper and poised it over the boat. One flap would have sent us to the bottom of the sea, and I can never forget how, as we pushed our way from under, each of us held one hand up to stave off that great, threatening fin—as if any strength of ours could have availed if the whale had meant it to descend. But it was spent with loss of blood, and instead of coming down the fin rolled over the other way, and we knew that it was dead. Who would swap that moment for any other triumph that sport can give?

The peculiar other-world feeling of the Arctic regions—a feeling so singular that if you have once been there the thought of it haunts you all your life—is due largely to the perpetual daylight. Night seems more orange-tinted and subdued than day, but there is no great difference. Some captains have been known to turn their hours right round out of caprice, with breakfast at night and supper at ten in the morning. There are your twenty-four hours, and you may carve them as you like. After a month or two the eyes grow weary of the eternal light, and you appreciate what a soothing thing our darkness is. I can remember as we came abreast of Iceland, on our return, catching our first glimpse of a star, and being unable to take my eyes from it, it seemed such a dainty little twinkling thing. Half the beauties of nature are lost through overfamiliarity.

Your sense of loneliness also heightens the effect of the Arctic seas. When we were in whaling latitudes it is probable that, with the exception of our consort, there was no vessel within 800 miles of us. For seven long months no letter and no news came to us from the southern world. We had left in exciting times. The Afghan campaign had been undertaken, and war seemed imminent with Russia. We returned opposite the mouth of the Baltic without any means of knowing whether some cruiser might not treat us as we had treated the whales. When we met a fishing-boat at the north of Shetland our first inquiry was as to peace or war. Great events had happened during those seven months: the defeat of Maiwand and the famous march of Roberts from Cabul to Candahar. But it was all haze to us; and, to this day, I have never been able to get that particular bit of military history straightened out in my own mind.

The perpetual light, the glare of the white ice, the deep blue of the water, these are the things which one remembers most clearly, with the dry, crisp, exhilarating air, which makes mere life the keenest of pleasures. And then there are the innumerable seabirds, whose call is forever ringing in your ears: the gulls, the fulmars, the snow-birds, the burgomasters, the looms, and the rotjes. These fill the air, and below, the waters are forever giving you a peep of some strange new creature. The commercial whale may not often come your way, but his less valuable brethren abound on every side. The finner shows his ninety feet of worthless tallow, with the absolute conviction that no whaler would condescend to lower a boat for him. The misshapen hunchback whale, the ghostlike white whale, the narwhal, with his unicorn horn, the queer-looking bottle-nose, the huge, sluggish Greenland shark, and the terrible killing grampus, the most formidable of all the monsters of the deep, these are the creatures who own those unsailed seas.

The winter comes on very suddenly sometimes, and woe betide the whaler which may be caught lagging. In September our boats were taken in, our blubber tanks screwed down, and soon I had seen the last which I am ever, save in my dreams, likely to see of the Greenland ocean.



DECORATIVE PANEL FROM A PAINTING BY ELIE DELAUNAY.

Delaunay's work was considered in a paper by Mr. Low in McClure's Magazine for September, 1896. Panels in the Grand Opera and a great painting in the Panthéon, Paris, attest his power as a decorator. (See page 472.)